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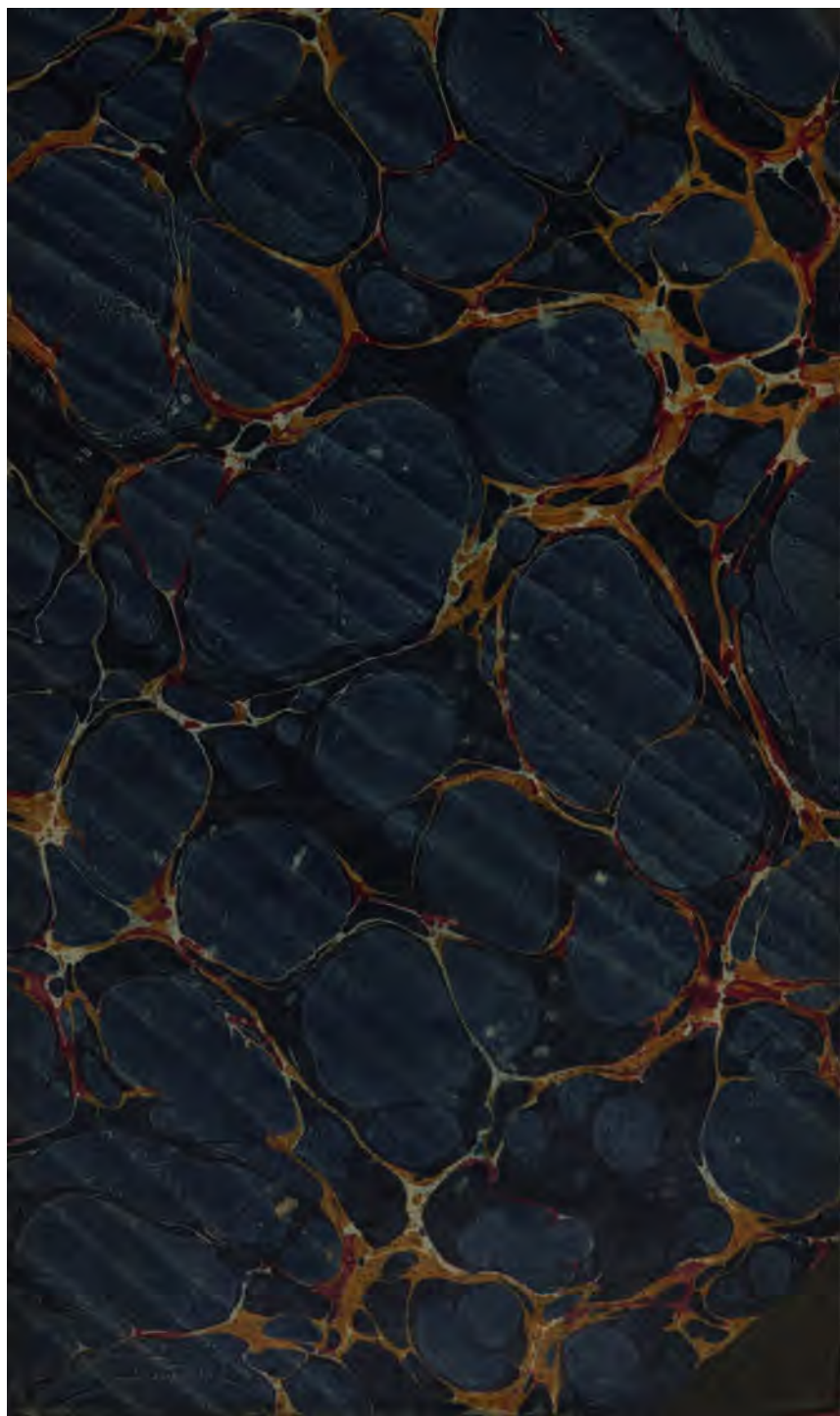
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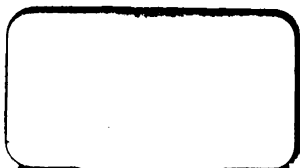
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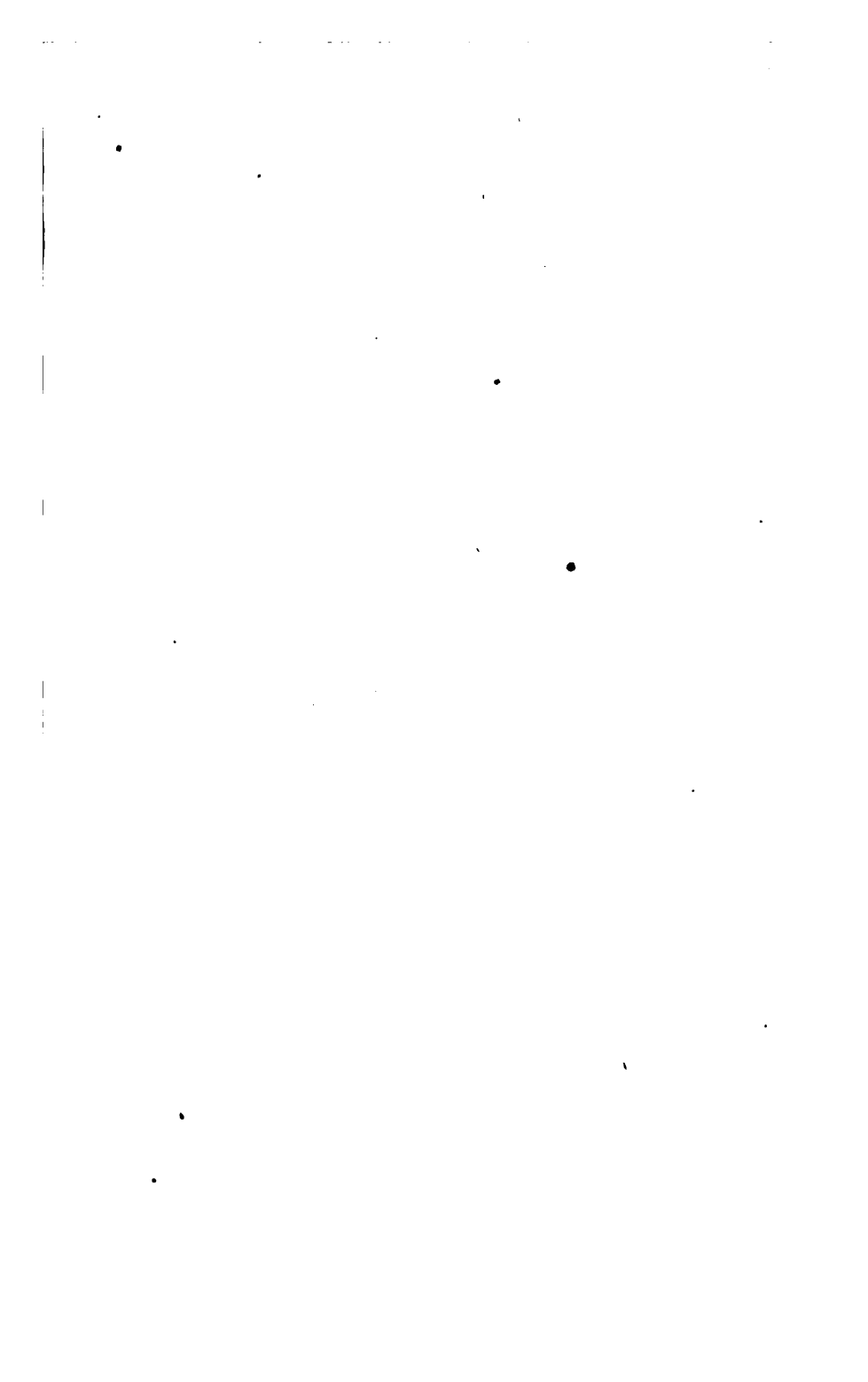
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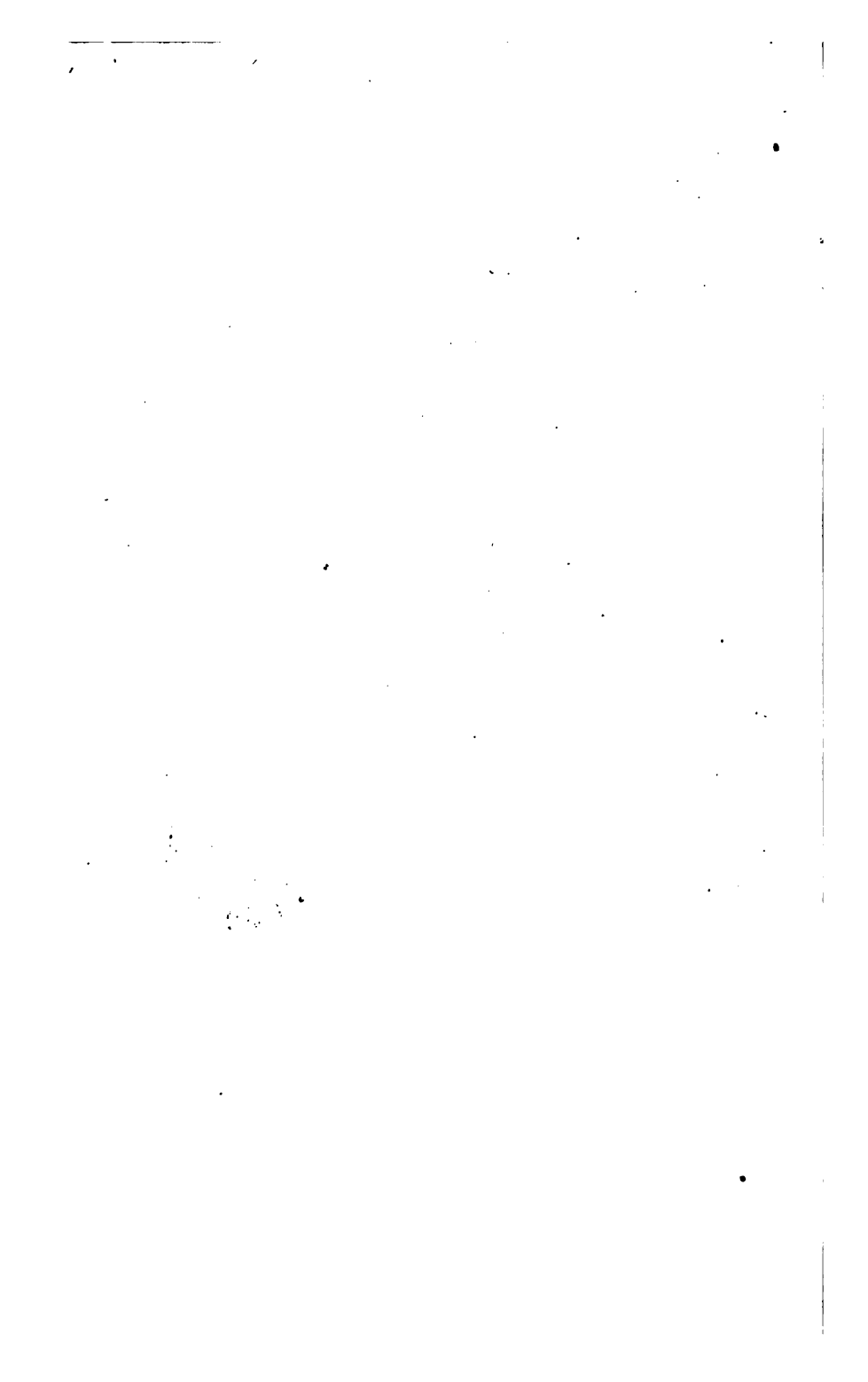




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CHARLES OLIPHANT.

A NOVEL.

By W. JAMES, Esq.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



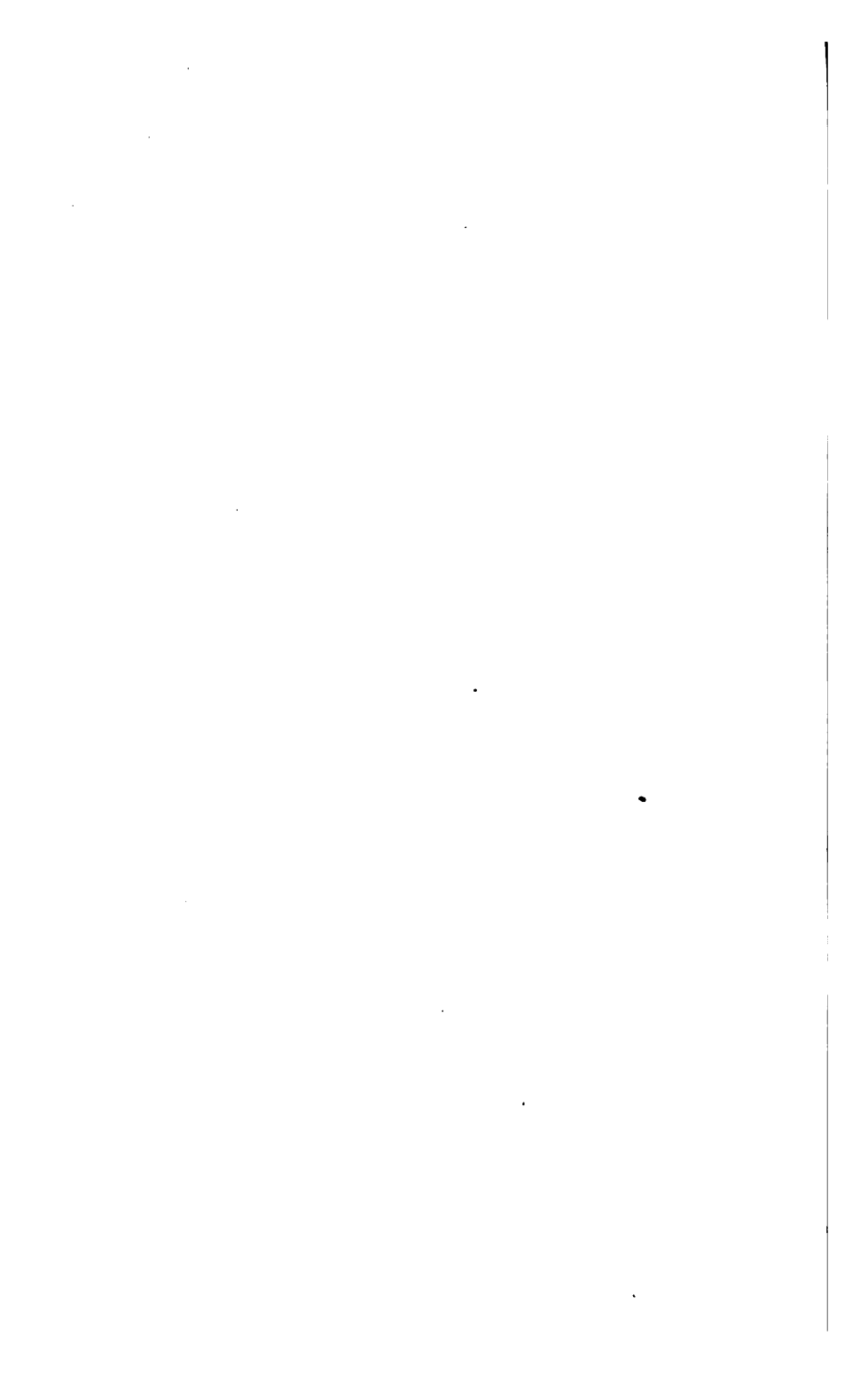
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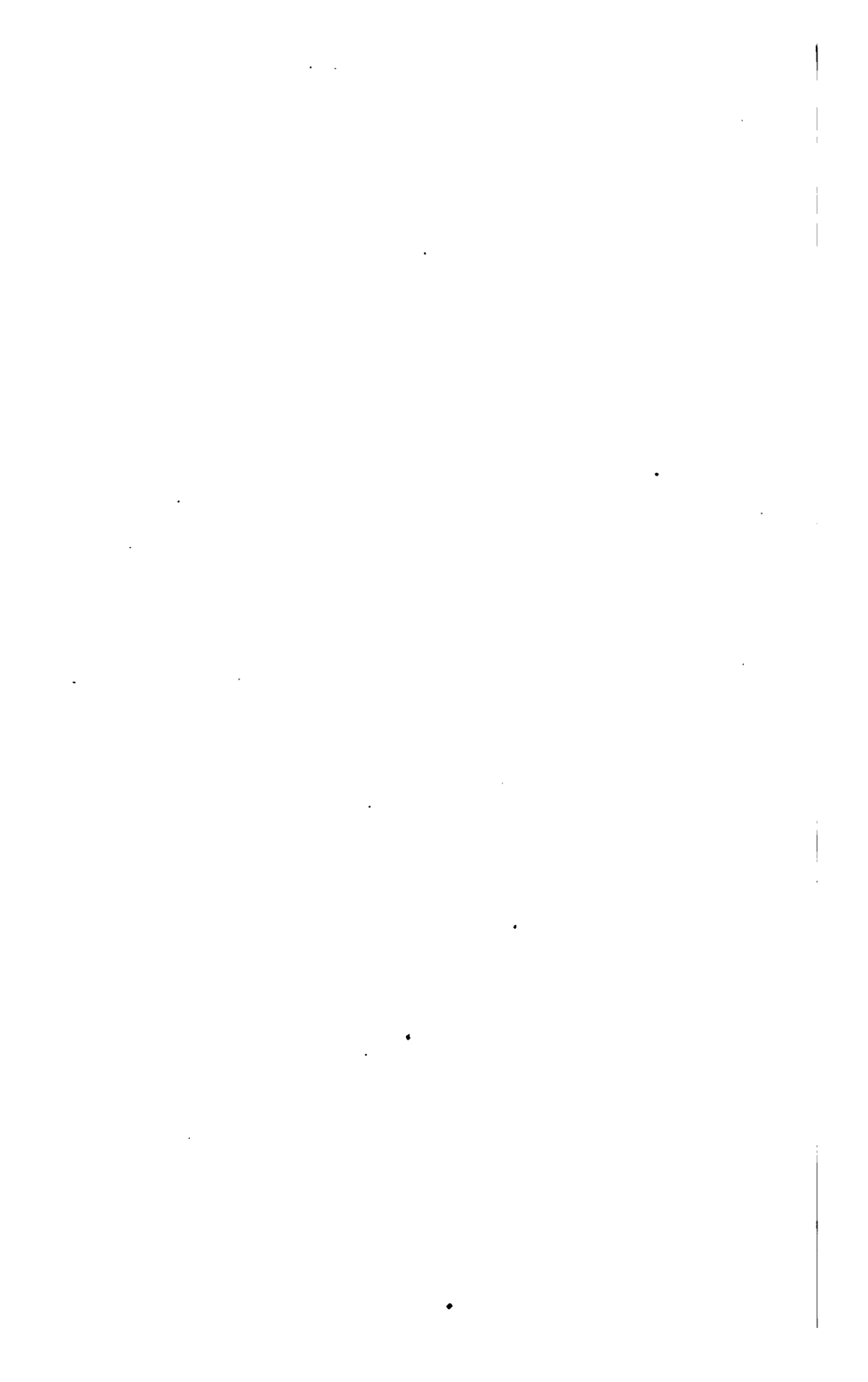
1857.

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249. W. 39.







CHARLES OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

To the satisfaction, and even delight of Mr. Elphinstone, as it suited so well his speculative disposition, he was appointed secretary to a public company for canal navigation; and the morning after his appointment saw him seated at his desk, surrounded with plans, great and small, of the line and its accessories, showing the depths of water, the embankments, the bridges to span valleys which would be crossed in its course, or the canal itself where it intersected roads, aqueducts, locks; schedules of the

owners whose grounds would be taken, reports of the number of horses for towing, their feeding and stables; and many other things incident to that serious undertaking; such as boats great and small, of which models lay high and dry around, the whole presenting in miniature the office of a surveyor and the shop of a carpenter in one.

In his mind's eye the work, though not begun, appeared already finished; and he was busy calculating the amount of traffic which might be expected from passengers and produce and minerals on the one hand, the data for which being rather insufficient, were supplemented liberally by his own imagination, producing results entirely favorable to the undertaking; and the price of land and works, with the working expenses on the other, from a summing up of the latter in the various items scattered up and down engineers' reports, accounts, and specifications.

His own imagination, however suggestive of enormous traffic and consequent fortune to

the speculators who were to subscribe the capital, was exceeded in splendour by the favorable reports, accounts, and specifications of the engineers and other servants of the company, touching the cost of the land and works, but above all the working expenses. The works and land afforded them not so much scope for colouring, because owners and contractors would come in very speedily to test the value of their opinions, which threw a sombre tint into the speculative sky. But the working expenses: yes, these were distant objects,—afar off, on the horizon,—almost as invisible as the farther end of the canal itself, affording full play to the fancy, and to be illuminated by the hand of the artist with a flood of glory. The boats should be not elegant but solid, full of wood, substantial, and yet they could be built for a trifle, and would last a century. They would encounter no storms, and need not be insured, and repairs would hardly ever be necessary. The crews need not exceed two per boat, or three; might be almost all landsmen, as seamanship was not

required for sailing canal junks; and the passenger boats could be towed by hacks and foundered horses, to be supplied from the stage coaches or the hunt.

The reporters were unanimous, each in his own department, in predicting the smallness of the working expenses. Mr. Elphinstone himself got involved towards the end of his summation in the question whether these expenses, by a lengthening of the junks as the necessity for more accommodation arose, would not be nearly in the inverse of his own estimate of the amount of the traffic, which, if he could establish, would, he thought, be worthy of a special report by himself to the company, and very much redound to his honour, besides proving the judgment of those who promoted his election.

He was interrupted in the course of solving the problem alluded to, by the entrance of a friend and a director of the company, Mr. Bernard Bullem, his warm friend—indeed, an admirer of Mr. Elphinstone's theories and spe-

culative opinions, which never failed, he said, to elevate his spirits when these were depressed by any sinking of the value in the market of the shares which he temporarily held in any speculation.

Mr. Bullem was a stout active man of fifty or so, of a singularly engaging address and manner, which operated instantaneously in his favor with all whom he met for the first time, the only deduction to be made being that he was blind of one eye, and the other twinkled with such an expression of cunning, that he was fain to throw its glance anywhere but in the face of the person he was speaking to, as it was apt to diminish the effect of his manner and the persuasive eloquence of his tongue. In concluding a transaction he had acquired, or he assumed, the off-hand determined style of a person too much occupied with important business to hesitate, and hesitate, and never conclude. He was always ready; he calculated a move or two beforehand with most men from whom he bought or to whom he sold; and thus two apparently inconsistent kinds of

character, the amiable and the bluff, centred in him to his own profit and the peril of those with whom he dealt.

He had no occasion to bring more than his amiable peculiarities into action in meeting with Mr. Elphinstone, who looked as intently on the future as Mr. Bullem on the present, profit of any speculation.

"Mr. Bullem," said Mr. Elphinstone, rising, "I am delighted to see you—if you had only been a little later I should have perfected my calculations, showing the immense gains this work of the Canal will produce to our company, and have proved it to you."

"I take them for granted on your word, Mr. Elphinstone: to me that is enough."

"You are so good, Mr. Bullem. I wish the shares had been smaller and more in number, so as to allow more a chance of being partners."

"Yes, and the widows wanting every thing sure, and the orphans," said Bullem, "would have found it so safe and paying an investment."

"'Tis true, but too late now. The allocation must be made according to the contract, and the shares are well nigh subscribed for."

"But a good many remain, I trust?"

"Why, not so many: I think this day will see the most part disposed of."

All this proved to Mr. Bullem that the flourishing prospects of the Company were known to and understood by the public; and he had taken care they should lose nothing by his own report of them, compared to which Elphinstone and his engineer's estimates seemed modest or timorous. His own allotment as a director was handsome, and already stood at a premium, which he was sure Mr. Elphinstone's well known character for integrity, jointly with his admirable mode of drawing on futurity in discoursing on a speculation, would tend to advance. How then he could get some more, before the public came in, was the occasion of his call, and to bring that to bear he said:

"You know, Mr. Elphinstone, we directors are in the post of honor, and have been con-

sidered in the allocation. I cannot hold any more."

"No, certainly, Mr. Bullem."

"But my son, Thomas Bullem, is inclined to be a partner, and there is nothing to hinder him. He has been along the line and is charmed with our prospects. He has an engineering head has my son Thomas, and would you believe it, has found out the locks necessary."

"Indeed! there cannot be a better proof of his early powers."

"Then you may allocate to him—I will sign the letter for him—fifty shares. You know the Directors have entrusted all this to you and me as their committee."

"Well, you say he is sincerely convinced of the goodness of our prospects?"

"From personal examination."

"Then he must have them."

"My son John, too, wishes the same honour. He has not, like Thomas, examined the line, but you will lend me your plan to make him acquainted with it."

“Why, John, the little fellow; he is at school, —surely it is too early.”

“No, Mr. Elphinstone, he is now on a tripod in Mr. Armstrong’s. I wish to give him an interest in well doing. Your plan, and above all your views, which I shall explain to him with Thomas’s aid, will enlarge his youthful ideas of business.”

“Well, Mr. Bullem, how many?”

“Oh, fifty!”

“I suppose it must be so, there is no other competitor at present.”

“And then my daughter, Sarah, Mr. Elphinstone, says she is resolved to sail in a ship of her own; she calls our boats ships, Mr. Elphinstone, ha! ha! in her own simple way; and she says in her own sea too, which she takes the canal to be; poor thing, I cannot think of disappointing her; she said you would not, and I believe her.”

“Will it not appear strange in the list of shareholders, so many Bullems, and you a director?”

“Not at all, Mr. Elphinstone, it will only shew

my own and my family's confidence in the company and our prospects."

"Ah! indeed, no doubt that does place the matter in a new light. How many for Miss Bullem?"

Oh, it is needless to make distinctions, say fifty for her too."

"Well, well, Mr. Bullem, there is no one yet this morning, but you have come just on ten o'clock."

This last remark was not lost upon Bullem, who suddenly recollected an engagement he had made at twenty minutes past ten precisely, and it was now more he feared. He got the allocations, signed the letters, and hurried away, followed by the simple and good-natured Elphinstone to the door.

He returned to his calculations, but was immediately interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Jeremiah Dobie, who also, at the friendly hint of Mr. Bullem, came to subscribe for shares in the undertaking.

Dobie was dogmatical, inquisitive, hard to be

persuaded, nervous about loss in the concern, and started a world of difficulties which Mr. Elphinstone patiently set himself to remove.

It chanced that Dobie had a coal mine on a small property near the line, and thus was almost giving a death blow to some of Mr. Elphinstone's calculations of profit from mineral traffic; as facts, Mr. Dobie said, were stubborn things, and his mine had been a sink of good money.

Mr. Elphinstone labored, and not altogether without success, to show him that now the coals were coming to the pit-mouth, want of a speedy and cheap conveyance to market was his only obstacle to realizing a fortune.

Mr. Dobie listened with an incredulous air that astonished the sanguine Elphinstone, and in at last subscribing, relied not so much on all his reasons, as on the fact that Mr. Bullem was a large shareholder.

After he was gone Mr. Elphinstone renewed for the third time his interesting calculation, somewhat damped in the view of mineral profit by that dull, matter-of-fact, hard-visaged owl,

Dobie, and he was pursuing it when again interrupted by the entrance of a lady. He flew to receive her and concluded from her age and easy comfortable manner, she was a rich widow seeking a safe and profitable investment for some portion of her deceased husband's wealth, and on this idea, as soon as she was seated, he enquired how many shares she wanted. .

"Really, sir, I do not know; I came—"

"Oh, madam, you are not yet too late, there are I am happy to say, still a few shares for the public. How much money have you for investment? A most promising work, this canal."

"Sir, I never heard of the canal, but—"

"Never heard of it, madam! I will show you the line as laid down by our engineer," and he ran to his table for, and unrolled a great map, which spun from a wooden roller in its belly, and shewed a blue serpent with many a fold, extending its length along a sahara of canvas.

"There it is, madam; you see how gracefully it winds through the country, more ornamental than any river, and destined to carry on its

bosom an immense traffic, to the infinite advantage and profit of the shareholders."

"But, sir, I have no chance of sailing on the canal, for—"

"Oh! you are going abroad, husband lately dead, we must all pay the debt—"

"Sir, my name is Miss Waldie, of Doolford, and—"

"I beg pardon, madam, for my innocent mistake; how many shares, Miss Waldie?"

"Sir, I entreat you to listen to me; I came not about shares; you are mistaking me for some one else. I am here to enquire for Mr. Charles Oliphant, son of the late Oliphant of Morden."

Mr. Elphinstone started and looked confused, as well he might, and asked pardon for his strange mistake.

Miss Waldie relieved him with a good-natured smile, and an assurance that she had learned enough from Mr. Anwood of his own and Mrs. Morton's kindness to the unfortunate, to make her desirous of his friendship.

"Madam, I am confounded at my mistake,

which must appear very strange; but my mind was so occupied with our new company. You are a relation of Mr. Oliphant?"

"No, I am not; but I trust he is well."

"Perfectly so. He is at Mrs. Morton's. You may see him whenever you please."

"I am obliged."

"Please to allow me to introduce my wife, or perhaps you will just step up stairs."

"It will be very agreeable to me; but I may state to you now, that had I known sooner Mr. Oliphant's relatives had neglected him I would have relieved—"

"Speak not of it."

Miss Waldie was introduced to Mrs. Elphinstone, and arranged with her to visit her mother. Elphinstone made them both merry with explaining his mistakes that morning, while at the same time he recommended the canal to Miss Waldie's attention, to which she good humouredly replied that Doolford was too far away to give her a chance of using it as a means of conveyance.

CHAPTER II.

A DAY or two after meeting with Mr. Elphinstone, Miss Waldie, Mrs. Elphinstone and himself drove out to Mrs. Morton's. After a few words from Mrs. Elphinstone to explain the object of Miss Waldie's visit, Mrs. Morton said she knew from Mr. Charles, that Miss Waldie was not related, and as his own near friends seemed to have deserted him, she could not think of allowing a mere boy to take so long a journey upon the expectation of her kindness.

He soon after made his appearance from school, with his little companion Mary Morton. Miss Waldie desired to see him privately, that she

might be sure he remembered her, and sat alone expecting his coming, and on being shown into the room he ran with every mark of recognition and affection. She embraced and kissed him, then held him at arm's length, and said he was the late Morden's son and she would be a mother to him in place of those that were gone.

"My father, Miss Waldie, told me to go to you, when we were alone just before he died, and to take his blessing; all that he had besides—"

"Did he, my dear?" she said with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, besides this ring, which he gave me off his own finger for you," and he produced it from his pocket.

She took it in silence, and sat long under a conflict of emotions that cannot be described, during which the ring dropped from her hand and was rolling along the floor, when the boy followed, caught it up, and presented it to her again.

She took it again and attempted to put it on her finger, sobbed aloud, and leant her head on her hand, while the boy stood musing at her

emotion, of which he guessed only in part, and but a slight part, the cause. It was a message of memory.

By degrees she recovered some composure, brought out an old fashioned purse and deposited in it the last token of affection which had stirred up so instantaneously her soul, and caused the hopes and fears of youth to tremble again in her heart.

"My dear Charles," she said, "you will return home with me, and you will be happy at Doolford."

"I am ready to go with you any where, it was my father's wish, but—"

"Yes, and must be respected, but you will be the heir of his name and family only,—the estate of Morden is gone."

"Well, I see Mrs. Morton and Mary quite happy without an estate."

"Yes, my dear, I am sure she is."

"And she is so kind to me and Mr. Princeton, too."

"Who is Mr. Princeton?"

"Oh, he is a great man; his estate is greater than Morden, and he saved me from Mr. Frank-over."

"Saved you, where?"

"Why several men carried me away from the road, and Mr. Princeton came after them, because Mary told him, and brought me back."

"Indeed, I must enquire about all this," and the boy's account of his own abduction by Adamson turned her thoughts into a new channel, so that she was in a condition to return to Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Elphinstone. She immediately referred to what Charles told her. Mr. Elphinstone, who came in at the moment, stated all he knew, the conduct of Mr. Princeton, and the strange manner in which the affair had ended. "But," he concluded "you must see Mr. Princeton himself, who is very partial to Charles since that affair, and says he believes he has been wronged and intends to see him righted."

"Then I must see Mr. Princeton. I do not know the reason, but my impression is the same. Where is Mr Princeton's house?"

"Less than half a mile off, if you please we shall go now. He is always accessible."

They found Mr. Princeton at home, and when he learned the object of her visit, expressed himself strongly in favor of Mr. Oliphant, and complimented Miss Waldie for coming so far."

"Mr. Princeton," she said, "I am happy to have this opportunity of knowing you. Charles has told me so much, but he cannot explain Mr. Frankover's appearance at the time you saved him."

"Nor can I, Miss Waldie; he offered to detain the men who carried Mr. Charles off."

"Did he indeed? It was so considerate, and he detained them."

"No, he said they were gone when I returned with a magistrate."

"Yes, I can see in part how it is, and but for your exertion Charles would have been carried off."

"Why I believe so."

"Mr. Elphinstone tells me you think there is

something in which Charles has an interest and you will examine."

"Yes, certainly."

"Then I will leave it in your hands, and will pay any expence, should it be £1,000 or £2,000, if necessary."

"Why, my dear, Miss Waldie, you are generous, and Elphinstone knows law is not to be had for nothing."

"So my brother said, and he never had much to do with it."

Elphinstone and Princeton laughed, and said they would draw on her if there was occasion."

"But I will take Charles home with me; he is willing to go."

"If you desire it, it shall be so," said Mr. Elphinstone, "but he is better here under my eye, where he will receive every attention both as regards education and future prospects. Mr. Princeton will superintend and see if anything can be done in his father's affairs, which I promise you will not be neglected in the hands of Mr. Princeton and myself."

“On reflection I believe it is better; he will be more out of the reach of those who would be dangerous.”

Miss Waldie was thus persuaded to allow Mr. Oliphant to remain where he was, and to receive reports from Mrs. Elphinstone or either of the two gentlemen; and on leaving she pressed on Mrs. Morton far more than sufficient to meet all the young gentlemen's expenses.

He in the meantime had communicated to his little Mary that he was to go with Miss Waldie far away to Doolford, and she was crying when the party returned, and would not be comforted by all her grandmother's caresses and promises.

“Here is my grandchild,” Mrs. Morton said, “who will not allow you, Miss Waldie, to take Mr. Charles away, and she has some reason to be heard, for she brought him here.”

And then Mrs. Morton recounted their first meeting.

Miss Waldie smiled, and promised the child that Charles should remain with her.

Thus these arrangements were concluded to the general satisfaction. Miss Waldie resisted Mrs. Morton's pressing invitation to stay, but promised to visit her at a future time, and returned to town. In a day or two she left for Doolford, well satisfied with her journey, which had been undertaken at so unusual a sacrifice of her own habits, and had ended more fortunately than she ever anticipated.

CHAPTER III.

MR. ARNOLD had fallen under nearly as much suspicion as Mr. Mitchell for some time with the authorities, but he was not like that gentleman indifferent to or in love with danger, and became apprehensive not without foundation. He had been, in fact, watched closely by men specially appointed for the purpose, till enough was found in his speeches, and in the tendency of the measures he advocated, to justify, in the opinion of the crown officers, the issuing of a warrant for his apprehension. But as measures were contemplated against others, nothing had yet been done; when Princeton, who had obtained some information of what was going forward, commu-

nicated it to Arnold, recommending more moderation in their discussions and resolutions. Arnold was sensible of the necessity of this himself, and they agreed not only to be themselves more cautious, but to enforce it on the rest, and if possible on Mr. Mitchell himself.

One or two evenings after this conversation, Arnold returned to his lodgings, at a late hour, after a long discussion on a motion that had been made in the Convention for a Committee of Public Safety. The door was opened by his masculine looking landlady, Mrs. M'Court, whose natural temper, sufficiently stern, was rendered doubly sour by the time she had waited his coming home, and she opened upon him with the remark that all honest men were in bed long before, and none but tavern frequenters returned home at such an hour, or worse. He was too sensible that there was ground of complaint, but it was in vain to enter into explanation with such a woman; and it was not in his nature to retort her violence of language where he thought there was any thing even justly to be said against

him, and taking a light he went along the narrow passage or corridor in the old and once fashionable residence in former times of some family of pretension, to his chamber. Though it was dark he thought he discerned the figure of a man striving to conceal himself within the deep recess of the only window in the passage, from which any one could by the candle obtain a view of him as he passed, and yet remain tolerably safe from observation himself. He might have seen such a figure before; a momentary thought of the kind flitted through his mind, and he was about to return to satisfy his suspicions, but afraid of creating trouble or disturbance he gave up the idea, and soon lay down, exhausted by the exciting discussion in that evening's debate in the Convention.

His landlady lingered not far from the window till she judged he was gone to bed, and then beckoned to the man in the recess (for Arnold's suspicion was well founded) who straightway advanced and followed her into another apartment where two of the City officers

were in attendance. As they entered Mrs. M'Court, the landlady, burst out,—

“Noo that ye hae seen him, John M'Gibbon, is he the man?”

Both the officers stretched forward to hear.

McGibbon, who was her relation, answered:

“It is he. I got a glisk o' him, too, in the outgoing this mornin, and he seemed the man I had noticed in the hall. I seldom mistake a man I hae ance seen.”

“Weel, and if he got na a glisk o' you, as he gaed in the noo, I am much mistaen,” said Mrs. M'Court.

“Hoot, woman, he could not see me, it was oure dark.”

One of the officers said nothing could have happened more opportunely than the accident of Arnold having taken up his quarters in such a place, which he said was “almost as snug and secure as one they had ready for him.” This produced a smile from the group while he continued,

“Had we not better take him noo?”

"Not yet—not yet," answered McGibbon.
"Besides, I think we were but to watch him."

"Aye—aye, when it comes to watching, and the man in view, little matter when he's grabbed."

"But you forget," interposed the other officer, who had no love of trouble and daring for their own sake, "that we lack a warrant at this very moment."

"True, true," said McGibbon, and turning to him who was more urgent, "I think, Davy, you had some trouble by forgetting the bit of paper the lawyers call a warrant."

This touched Davy on a tender point, and he began to kindle up.

"For my part," added McGibbon, by way of blunting the point of his allusion, "I never saw any use for warrants. His staff and his own judgment—especially with such an officer as you are, Davy—ought to be his only warrant."

"Yes, by G—d," said Davy, "and none but babbling palavering lawyers would say anything else; but I had to pay for the want of the

paper, so as this man can be as weel ta'en the morn as the nicht we'll let him sleep. He'll hae need o' a' the rest he can get, in a wee while, or I'm mista'en." His brother laughed at this, which was approved of by McGibbon and the grim hostess.

"He must be let gang in the mornin," she said, doubtfully; "I would rather keep him when we hae him."

"No, no," said McGibbon, "I want to hear some more speeches frae him—they'll aye be growing better—a clever chiel, almost indeed equal to Erskine himsel: shall I give you him?"

"No, no, damn it; gie us something to drink. I've been speaking o'er much. I like acting not speaking. What say you, Angus? am I right?"

"Few can act like you," returned his brother.

"That's true, indeed," said McGibbon; "but let us gang awa to the other end, for he may be waukin for aught I ken."

They all started and listened. There was no sound but that of a heavy rain which had set in in the evening, and the patter of it against the window, or its heavy occasional splash in the close, as it fell from the eaves and was dashed by the wind along the walls of the lofty houses. They retreated to an apartment at the opposite end of the house, and soon forgot even their watch of the stranger in devotion to the bottle which McGibbon had provided for the occasion.

As for Arnold, who was the subject of this interesting conversation, the fatigue he had undergone, and the melancholy sound of the elements without, soon sunk him into a deep sleep; but that apparent repose was not shared by his anxious mind, which refused to be steeped, like his bodily senses, in forgetfulness. One after another the different orators whom he had left, seemed to arise before his mind's eye, with all the array of faces and lights, with all the passions and feelings, all the sounds of applause or objection, just as he had left them; and as he well understood the several speakers' sen-

timents, his memory and knowledge, and vigorous intellect, stronger for being more concentrated than in his waking hours, furnished the phantoms of a dream, with speeches often more striking than were uttered in the Hall itself. He seemed to answer some with success himself, according to the opinions of one section of the Convention and his own conviction. By and by the imaginary Hall grew darker; the lights burned dimly; a murmur, an uproar, was heard—some resolve to sit, some to go away. The efforts, which he made in imagination to abate the tumult and discord, awakened him; and he perceived he had been a prey to the anxious thoughts that coursed through his mind before he threw himself on the bed. He rose not refreshed, and would have been glad if he could have thought such a dream did not afford some vision of events already on the march. By no ordinary causes, indeed, could the mind of a man so resolute as Arnold, have been stirred so intensely. The affairs of the Convention were approaching a crisis, contrary to the intention

of several who at first seemed principally to lead, but were now pushed forward by an immense body without fear in their obscurity, and yet ready to shake themselves free of responsibility when danger arose, by abandoning their leaders.

"It has been often," Arnold said, mentally, "the conduct of the timid, the unthinking, the rash, and the base, in every age, when danger approaches, to shrink from those whom they themselves have conspired to put forward in the first rank, and even to throw upon them the blame of their own actions. But I shall not be guided in my conduct by the prospect of such a course. More moderate measures some recommended, more attempts to obtain in a peaceful way the rights so long unjustly withheld from the people. But the advice of others has prevailed with the majority, and they have a right to the support and friendship of every honest man. I must not desert them, but will give Mitchell every assistance in my power."

Mr. Mitchell had not unsuccessfully endeavoured to engage Arnold in his own admiration of

the great philosophers of France; an admiration which he expressed on every occasion. Arnold knew that those in power considered the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau to have been among the chief causes of the Revolution, though in reality they had very little to do with it, that event being the natural consequence of the numerous errors of the monarchy, and the privileges and exemptions of the aristocracy in France, which came to a head in the complaints of their Assemblies, and produced a contest in which the people stepped in, and were not content with reformation but proceeded to destruction. The works Mr. Mitchell loved, as Arnold knew, had incurred equally the reprobation of the clergy, who lost no opportunity of warning their hearers against the opinions of infidel philosophers. The middle classes, who were much inclined to accept the views of men who have studied the subjects treated of by these philosophers, and had a caution and even dread of being marked out as inclined to anything new either in religion or politics, were easily induced to regard Mitchell

as well as his literary favorites with a certain horror, and to point to them as the High Priests of Atheism and Anarchy. The lower classes again, cared little for the opinions of philosophers on religious subjects, but admired the new views that were carried into effect in France, because they tended to depress others, and at all events to elevate themselves in the social scale.

There was a mixture of both classes in the Convention; those who admired the political honesty of Mitchell and Arnold, were not deterred by the cry of infidelity from obtaining such works as enabled them to arrive at new conclusions, both on their own rights and the manner in which the system of government was carried on; and Arnold continually impressed on them the necessity of having a complete reform of the House of Commons, which he maintained did not represent the people, and must be constituted so that the opinions of the nation at large should have full weight in, or be the rule of government.

As has been said, Arnold was depressed by his

dream of the previous night, but he knew it was necessary to avoid communicating such a feeling to those engaged with him in the same cause. He dressed and went out to arrange for fulfilling an engagement he had made with Mr. Dobie, which promised him, for a little, some relief from politics.

CHAPTER IV.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Quivox had been chagrined by the reception which he received on the occasion when his friend Captain Kirkwood was present in the Convention, he attributed the result entirely to ignorance of his science, and continued his attendance.

He had given notice of a motion to consider the state of Ireland and the duties of the Convention towards it, in the course of which he proposed to point out many things for the advantage of that country, whose condition, he said, was so anomalous, that it presented a noble field for the inquirer in political science, and in which he might discover and lay up treasures of truth at every step.

But on the night when Mr. Quivox was to open, he found the attention of the Convention engrossed by Mr. McKitterick, who was jealous of any one interfering with Ireland but himself, or under his direction. Now Mr. Quivox failed to communicate with Mr. McKitterick, who in consequence determined to pre-occupy the floor, and arrest the attention of all with a notable display of oratory on the subject.

To the mortification of Mr. Quivox, who entered somewhat late, McKitterick instantly rose on the call being made, and began,

“Ireland has, from the injustice done to her, been at all times a source of apprehension to British statesmen, and now her people have been excited to the highest pitch of expectation by the successful proceedings of the French Republicans. Our united Irishmen have all the courage and fire of their Gallic neighbours, but are deficient in leaders, and have to encounter a government which wields immense power, and will use it with the cruelty and bloodthirstiness of a tyrant. On the causes of my country’s dislike of the En-

glish government it were easy to enlarge, and the theme is grateful to one smarting under a sense of oppression; but undoubtedly the ascendancy allowed to the Protestant part of the Irish nation is above all calculated to arouse the dislike and indignation of the Catholics, who are so vastly more numerous. Such preference ought not to be shown by any government, as every government is bound to attend to the political interests of the people, and their well being, and comfort, uninfluenced by religious opinions, which should be left entirely uncontrolled, to make their own way according as the consciences of men are inclined. Had we imitated your ancestors in Scotland and stood out for our religion, Ireland would be another country than what it now is.

“And besides, the masses of our people have in every age, since the seizure of their country by England, been oppressed and degraded, while on the other hand the dominant aristocracy have possessed the soil, and neither cultivated it themselves, nor allowed the inhabitants to do so. The system of preferring the interests of a few to

that of the many, has had the effect of injuring the cultivation of the soil, wherever it has prevailed, and destroyed the happiness and comfort of millions. Wealth it has not produced even to the former; they are owners of the land, and do not turn it to account, while they live expensively, borrow money, become hangers on of government, and in one word, the authors of countless miseries to the nation. Yet, as the making, and also the maintaining of this system is in the hands of these very men, I mean of the few, and of others like them in England and Scotland, who are owners of estates in Ireland, it flourishes as vigorously as ever; and as a consequence, the Irish people are pointed out by neighbours and foreigners as the most barbarous, wretched, poverty-stricken race in the world, always in starvation, and always turbulent; though I know they would be contented, peaceable, and honest, if justly treated. It may safely be asserted that the whole expence of the government of Ireland, including a great army of soldiers and policemen, is entirely attributable

to the selfish aristocracy in the parliaments of England and Ireland, who will support the same system while the people of England are content to pay the cost of it. The time is perhaps approaching when the truth will become apparent, when the people will so press upon their tyrants that they can no longer be withstood; when nature herself will demand the land not only of Ireland, but of every country for the use of the inhabitants at large; when the sordid and insolvent aristocrats, who can neither employ nor feed the people, shall be driven from the earth by the famine that their own laws and selfish conduct have occasioned, and the people enabled by Heaven's overruling providence to recover what is their own.

“For it is not to be doubted that there is a certain downward stage in the progress of misgovernment and selfish legislation which cannot be reached without a new light appearing over the darkness, and displaying to men the remedy that exists for the social evils with which they may be afflicted. Ireland has had many causes

of complaint on political as well as social grounds—the first, which to the people were not so material, will be in part removed, for the selfish aristocracy will give them a stone rather than bread. In time, however, the bread want of our most miserable people will demand to be satisfied from the hard-wrought and ill-paid population of England, and then the question will arise whether a few landlords making laws in parliament, can also make a law to appropriate the substance of the English people to support the Irish, whom by a continued course of selfish misconduct they have reduced to destitution and famine.

“It may be doubted whether in the history of the human race, it was ever known that the half of a nation willing to work could get no work, or that half of the land of a country remained uncultivated, because the laws had given it to a few men instead of the whole. We nowhere find that men could not live by their labor except in Ireland; we nowhere else find a law which appropriated the entire land of a country to a few men

to the exclusion of the inhabitants at large. Honors, titles, commands, have been, and are and perhaps must be held by the few, but the soil never, except on the footing that the people must be supported; and I say this is proved even by the Bible itself, to which the Protestants are always appealing. In the book of Genesis it appears the people of Egypt sold their land to Pharaoh, because he had laid up corn for the famine; but what was the observation of Joseph to the people, "Behold! I have bought you this day and your land for Pharaoh, lo! here is seed for you, and you and ye shall sow the land; and it shall come to pass in the increase that ye shall give the fifth part unto Pharaoh, and four parts shall be your own for seed of the field, and for your food, and for them of your households, and for food for your little ones." But in contrast to this so just, so humane a rule, we have the landlords of Ireland seizing the whole soil, yet, neither raising crops from it themselves, nor allowing others to do so. In the course of divine justice this will not always be allowed; the people

of Ireland will inquire why these men hold land they turn to no account; and England will inquire why she should be called upon to support my unfortunate countrymen, driven by the most inhuman and stupid laws that ever existed, from the enjoyment, or use, aye, even from the face of the country of which they are the inhabitants."

Here Mr. McKitterick brought his oration to a close, and not altogether without effect, as much from the style and violence of the oratory, and the dialect of his country, as from any intrinsic value in his views.

Mr. Quivox, now finding the way clear, rose, when he was interrupted by Mr. Arnold, who was so unfortunate as to disagree with both Mr. Quivox and Mr. McKitterick; for he doubted the fitness of the subject for the Convention; but by way of reconciliation he proposed the appointment of a committee to communicate with the Patriotic Society of United Irishmen.

Mr. McKitterick had been more anxious to make a speech about Ireland, and to disappoint

Mr. Quivox, than to make any definite motion, and he was rather pleased than otherwise with Arnold, telling him he forgave him for his wrong opinion in consequence of his motion.

Other members concurred with Arnold, and in the end the committee was appointed.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DOBIE had offered to introduce Mr. Arnold to several literary friends of eminence, an offer gratefully accepted by him, as he admired literature, while his views and prospects had, unfortunately for himself, been too much turned to political questions.

It is proper, however, to say a word or two more of Mr. Dobie, with whom Mr. Arnold became acquainted through the introduction of a London friend. He was a man who had raised himself from a humble condition of life by flattering every body above him, avoiding all opposition to existing prejudices by a seeming consent where he found them strong, distributing

religious tracts, and making speeches, in his own conciliatory way, at as many public meetings as possible. He affected literature, too, with but slight pretensions; but these his skill in flattery succeeded in establishing in the circle into which he had contrived to thrust himself. Above all he was a stern Presbyterian, and an elder of his church; would allow no one to question its superiority over every other, and on this, as well as one or two other cognate subjects, he was dogmatical and intolerant; in every thing else endeavouring to rule his conduct by a regard to his own interest. A stiff and rigid figure, and a monotonous voice, always pitched in the same high key, a tongue that would not lie still, a twinkling grey eye, and a cadaverous countenance, helped to mark his outer man to the world, which he distinguished still more by a Quaker-like simplicity of dress, including a broad-brimmed hat, coqueting with the garments of that society, as the Puseyites now do with the candlesticks, altars, and habiliments of the Catholics.

Mr. Arnold was punctual to the hour, and was

first introduced to Mr. Archibald Tough, who had become, Mr. Dobie said, celebrated by contributions to a small periodical then published in imitation of the great work of Addison and his literary friends the Spectator. Arnold had beforehand procured and run through portions of it without being able to discover any favorable point of comparison, beyond a tolerable imitation of the style of that celebrated London periodical. There was a total lack of all humour, wit, and eloquence in the journal of Mr. Dobie's friend; but a ludicrous similarity in the choice of subjects, and a certain forced elegance of style shewed at least the air and manner of the prototype had been attentively studied; and the effect was much the same as that produced by my "Lord Duke," or "Sir Harry's" eccentricities in High Life below stairs.

Mr. Tough had his own contributions selected and bound in a vellum cover; but not all the art of the printer in disposing his types between wide margins and interspersing blank leaves could conceal the diminutiveness of the sum

total of Mr. Tough's refined labours. On receiving a presentation copy, Mr. Arnold was forced to say something complimentary regarding the comparative scarcity of the valuable metals, to which Mr. Tough's production might be justly assimilated, and he added—

“Sic raro scribis ut toto non quater anno
Membranam poscas.”

“Conclude the line,” said Tough, “*et rem acu tetigisti.*”

“Scriptorum quaeque retexens,”

said Arnold.

“Yes, Mr. Arnold, I am one of those whose works are more distinguished for quality than quantity. I have scarcely ever, I may say, the pen out of my hand; and while I write a great deal in the first instance, the same pen, going over in the way of correction, deletes, interlines, amends to such an extent, that every leaf resembles a map of the world, with all its seas, lakes, rivers, islands, and continents, not to be understood by any one except myself. My work in this way proceeds as slowly as Penelope's web.

But even in that little print of contributions you will find the essence of all excellence in prose composition."

Mr. Arnold promised a careful study of it, not doubting that he should be both instructed and entertained; but he concealed the conviction which his previous perusal had compelled him to come to, that the whole work from which Mr. Tough had selected his own contributions was not entitled to much respect.

From this painful author's residence, Mr. Dobie led Mr. Arnold to the house of a distinguished critic, his friend Mr. Pike. This gentleman, after a little general conversation, said that he had the fate of all authors in his hands, and a favorable notice in his magazine was the only way of obtaining public fame.

"You must know, Sir," said the critic, "we seldom review any work till we have ascertained the politics of its author, either from his writings or from report; and if these are on our side, they cover many literary sins and enliven many dull verses."

"I fear, Sir," said Arnold, "you must in some degree come to lose credit with the public by not awarding praise or censure according to the merit of the work reviewed."

"Not at all, Sir; there is some good, and much more that is either indifferent or bad in every work, and it is not difficult to defend ourselves from all reflections of the kind to which you allude. The public trouble themselves little about the matter, but join with the critical judge, if his verdict be wittily expressed, and laugh at the author who winces under the lash."

Mr. Arnold was disposed to question the morality and honour of such sentiments; but as there were several formidable looking brethren of this great literary judge present, he felt certain of being assailed by the whole society. He contented himself, therefore, with inquiring of the critic if he had himself written any work, for he would wish to be possessed of it. The other, in some confusion, said that he had not; that he had meditated many, begun little, and perfected nothing.

Here Mr. Dobie struck in with reminding the critic that he had written the life of the great metaphysician, Witherspoon, of Perth, "Which," turning to Arnold, "you will easily procure."

"Mr. Dobie," hastily interposed the critic, "you will excuse me—I have never acknowledged that life to be mine."

"But you have never denied it," said Dobie, "and my authority I need not give in your presence."

"We will say no more about it; but I trust Mr. Arnold will not judge me from the Life of Witherspoon."

Arnold was not now to learn for the first time how much easier it is to pass sentence on the writings of others than to write anything which shall show undoubted genius; and that all men, with more or less taste and success, can criticise, as we see those who have paid their shilling, damn the poor actor on the stage, and yet could not pronounce one line with his grace or spirit.

He was irresistibly led to the conclusion that

this gentleman, who dealt out praise or censure to others, on the dishonest principles he openly avowed, was one of those ill-conditioned and conceited men, who, to a very small amount of learning, add a vast stock of impudence and conceit; and for a time deceive the world into a belief of their superior judgment, but ultimately, if their life reaches the ordinary limit, are found out, hooted, and driven away as mere impostors, or forgotten as too humble to be worth chastisement.

He would, therefore, have been contented with these two specimens of literature, but Mr. Dobie, whose zeal for the honour and fame of his friends had no proper limit, and who never for a moment would allow himself to suspect the thoughts that had passed through Arnold's mind, must needs introduce him to one or two more. Arnold postponed these further introductions to another day, but he was too polite to fail in keeping his appointment.

Mr. Dobie on the second occasion took him to the house of an antiquarian, who at a certain

hour in the forenoon received visitors. He resided in a close and dingy habitation, that well comported with his recondite studies. Arnold had never paid much attention to such matters, not thinking the fixing of a date, or the genuineness of a coin, of the old and sleeping ages, affected much the bustling crowds that met him as he passed along, whose political struggles had been latterly his chief care. But far otherwise thought Mr. Dobie, who respected antiquity, and so, too, Mr. Gilkieson, his friend, a solemn and important personage, who spoke in such a hollow and deep toned voice that a stranger would have thought some one or other of the personages on his coins had suddenly awakened from the dead, and called from a distant apartment, so like were the sounds to the voice of one speaking from the tombs.

Arnold listened to him while he explained his views as to the date of a coin of Malcolm Canmore, the precise period of king David's return from captivity, whom to the astonishment of the antiquarian, Arnold at first supposed to be king

David of Judea, instead of King David of Scotland, and the sum fixed for his ransom, with other similar details, which the antiquarian supported by parchments with dangling seals and bits of metal of silver or brass, containing, he said, words that Arnold's eyes could not discover.

In his ignorance and despair Arnold at last asked him to discourse upon the more interesting subjects of his science—the coins of the ancient conquerors of the world who had found their way into Scotland, and pretended to have conquered all of it.

“Sir,” said Mr. Gilkieson, “I leave all such subjects to foreign antiquarians—to such men as Maffei. They may dig from the Sepulchres and Crypts of Rome, and their followers may catch up a stray coin or curious vessel from some ancient Roman ruin in Britain; but these things are not worthy of attention in comparison with facts and dates in our own history.”

Arnold ventured to hint that imperial Rome, *Roma triumphatrix*, with her wide spread dominions, was well worthy the attention of all

cultivated minds, and that every fact, every coin, every inscription, every manuscript, should be prized by those willing to learn from experience, or anxious to know the actions of mankind; when on the other hand, he was assured by the antiquarian that these were matters he never valued, that no one in Scotland would spend an hour or a shilling on such abstruse absurdities, and that he only dealt in those antiquities which put something in the pocket.

Arnold had indeed begun to suspect this, having soon discovered that the antiquarian's knowledge was confined within the borders of his own country. He was careful to conceal the precise opinion he had formed, which had not escaped the antiquarian, who at parting said to Mr. Dobie, "don't bring me a visitor again who does not know something of Scottish antiquities."

Mr. Dobie was in great perplexity at the apparent defect of judgment which Arnold exhibited, but he was sure his classical propensities would be satisfied by a new friend, who was a great scholar and, Mr. Dobie said, had attained

the highest celebrity by his publications. Arnold, in whom the love of classical literature was not entirely extinguished, even by the exciting nature of political discussion, aroused himself in expectation of conversing with one so much lauded; and he enquired after his introduction which of the Latin or Greek authors he had commented on and published.

"It is not one, Sir," replied the scholar, "but the whole that I have improved and illustrated."

So saying, he produced a meager selection of passages from the Greek writers, with a few Latin notes; a glance at which satisfied Arnold that there was hardly an original remark in them of his own, the whole having been extracted from older commentators; or where there was an original observation, principally on metres, it had the double quality of being new and extravagant, or erroneous. But the novelty had lain so near the surface that previous scholars were contented to pass it by, leaving the error contained in it to operate its destruction.

In compliment as much to Mr. Dobie, whose zealous friendship required return, as from any other cause, Arnold appeared to be much struck with the great scholar's critical taste and accurate knowledge, which so pleased the subject of his admiration, that he presented him with a copy of the work, trusting that he would make its merits known in the south, where they were yet in the dark upon many of the points discussed in the commentaries.

Arnold was now satisfied with literary introductions; but not so Mr. Dobie, who forthwith introduced him to two great historians, and this occupied them till pretty well on in the afternoon. He procured their works afterwards. One of them had composed a history, whose claims to fame consisted in a stilted, pompous style, and a multiplicity of political and philosophical reflections of no depth, garnished with an array of authorities; and the other had written the lives of several Scotchmen, whose names were little known, and had never before reached Arnold's ears, as well as some portions

of Scottish history, in such an excess of anecdote and detail, that the stream of the story, like the Euphrates near its mouth, was lost altogether, and disappeared in the sands.

Last of all that day, and when Arnold was heartily tired, that he might show him the variety of his literary friends, Mr. Dobie introduced him to a great genius in fiction. This author Arnold afterwards found, from a perusal of one of his books, told the truth when he said he found the materials for the scenes and characters in his works always at hand, nature having ever her book open before him, from which his pen was constantly employed in copying. He described every place, person, or action he introduced so minutely, that it was the fault of his readers if he could not recognise the originals. If he spoke of a ploughman or carrier eating his dinner, he described each article of the carrier's dress, the fatness of his face, the smile of satisfaction he displayed over his feast, the chubbiness of his children, and the materials of his pudding. If he described the carrier's dog, then his size,

the length of his ears and tail, his colour and spots, and the tone of his bark were all given, so that the brute, if lost, could have been found by so minute a detail. Volumes were filled by him with careful accounts of houses, furniture, dresses, trees, animals, and other objects of nature or art. If one of his heroes was in love he provided him generally with two charmers, whose perfections of person and mind were only disclosed in the compass of a hundred pages; their propinquity was awkward, producing mystery, and their merits so nicely balanced that the lover, who was returned from the east with a touch of the Scythian, or nomadic character, and a sublime melancholy, continued in uncertainty and strange difficulties to the end; while the reader was reduced to despair, and eventually surfeited with the gentle passion. And thus he claimed to be considered as pre-eminently an original and natural writer.

There was only one man amongst all Mr. Dobie's friends with whom Arnold's tastes really sympathized, but he was held by Dobie of small

account comparatively. Arnold, who respected the man's genius, shining the brighter perhaps in his eyes from the absence of pretension, and the faint applause of his introducer, resolved to escape some of his political friends, and enjoy the pleasure of his society.

For all Mr. Dobie's introductions Arnold returned him thanks, accompanied with expressions of admiration at the large circle of his friends, and regained in some degree his good opinion by this appeal to his vanity.

Arnold was left alone at a late hour, and he attempted in the solitude of a town where, but for his political friends and Mr. Dobie, he was a stranger, to obtain a more intimate knowledge of some of the works he had received or sent for; but he found so little satisfaction in them, that they were soon laid aside with others which he meditated perusing at a future time.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the main, perhaps, Mr. Quivox might have been counted as one of the friends of the people, inasmuch as he often professed to have at heart the general and material interests of the human race, but he would have differed much from most members of the Convention as to the ulterior means of accomplishing the regeneration of the political and social condition of the British nation. In appearance, however, he concurred with those among them who had in some respects in his estimation, attained to a dim and distant view of the exoterics of his science, though they had never risen to the contemplation of the more sublime and remote heights to which he was

constantly directing his own attention, and intended, one day or other, after the world had become prepared for it, to illustrate by his acrobatic writings.

But he could not resist the opportunity which he possessed, in consequence of being one of a committee, for drawing up a precise statement of the extent and measure of reform which the Convention were to demand, to lay before it his opinions upon the real objects of Government, as distinguished from the professed and commonly-understood ones.

At this meeting Mr. Arnold, Mr. M'Kitterick, and several other leaders were present, who stated the measures that would content them, while Mr. Quivox sat silent and contemplative, neither assenting nor dissenting, till Mr. M'Kitterick said:—

“By Jasus, I believe Mr. Quivox has bit his tongue off; and divil may care,” he added in a whisper, “we should have one of the most bastely cacklers on earth silent.”

Mr. Quivox, thus aroused, slowly withdrew

his spectacles from his nose, deposited them on the table, and smiling blandly on the meeting, proceeded thus to expound his views:—

“ My friends, the object of all Government has hitherto been, under an appearance of attention to the general welfare of the community, to collect great sums of money annually from the people in the shape of taxes. The money is in some small part, perhaps, applied usefully, but in a very small part indeed. By much the larger portion passes under various pretences and specious names for different callings, professions, and services, into the pockets of the few who have worked themselves into the management of what they call the national business, and of their dependants. All those whose pockets are filled at the expense of the community from these taxes, are said to be the servants of their country, or, if they happen to fall sick or to die, they are said to have fallen into ill health, or to have died in the ‘service of their country.’ which is a favorite and sounding enough phraseology to designate the state of those who

share these taxes among them in reality, but in name seem to have been laboriously consuming health and strength, even unto death, like some of the patriots we are made to believe existed in the ancient times of the world. Sometimes they are said to have died in the service of 'their king and country,' which addition of king comprehends all those tax receivers who have finished their course and laid up a crown of glory by land or sea in the use of powder and ball.

"Now the attention of the nation is diverted from the true objects of Government as it at present exists, which is the raising and spending of these taxes in several ways; for, first, they are made to elect representatives, and thus are said to be themselves the imposers or granters of these taxes; but the election of these representatives you know well is a hoax, the people having no voice. Second, these pretended representatives are universally themselves or their friends the largest receivers of the taxes. Third, these representatives soon discover the import-

ance of diverting attention from the spending of the money, and engage the nation upon a variety of subjects, such as the discovery of the North-West passage; the want of political and religious knowledge felt by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo and other people in the interior of Africa; the cruelty of slavery; the relation betwixt this country and the Emperor of China or the Queen of Otaheite; the civil disabilities of Roman Catholics; trial by jury; and other legal subjects, of which a great number are continually produced by lawyers, and the people having been kept intent on them, on a sudden, as by a transverse wind, the taxes are brought on in the House of Commons, voted and disappear, and the attention of the nation is again engaged by the above or other subjects of a like character, of which I could produce from Parliamentary records an immense variety. Fourth, the other House of Parliament having the precise same interest with the representatives of the people and really naming them, though giving some form of doing so to the people, is also busily

engaged furnishing distracting subjects in great number, upon which the people's attention is in like manner fixed for a time; and occasionally they are electrified by a quarrel or dispute betwixt the Houses on some point of no great importance, just that they may be aware how much alive the Lords and Commons are to all their interests.

“ Thus the money part of the nation's affairs is the only real part, and in this respect assimilates itself to its usual engrossing influence on the pursuits of individuals, and of private bodies or companies, lay or ecclesiastic, whose prime object we in time discover to be the appropriation of as much money to themselves as possible.

“ When a discovery of this kind is made, and we become fully alive to the fact that government, House of Commons, representation, election, state church, and so on, are so many different names under the cloak of which taxes or money is levied from the nation to be divided amongst a few; when

we find also that under the names of Whig and Tory the few contrive by a show of division and opposition to one another, alternately, like leeches, to gorge themselves at the expense of the many, the question presently arises whether the whole of that reform which we are now so anxiously pressing for is not a shadow, and whether it is not better for us to dispense with election, representation, Houses of Parliament, and other names used as a cloak, and keep the money in our pockets?

“Some may say that laws must be made to meet changing conditions of society; but in truth this is generally speaking a mistake, which lawyers have the credit of originating and perpetuating; and while laboriously tinkering up one hole make, by their obscure, enigmatical, and operose verbiage, twenty more, which the courts are pleased to say is the wisdom of Parliament. Nine out of ten Acts of Parliament make the law worse than it was; and they are made by the few, with a natural leaning to their own interest, such as the law of entail, which has

perpetuated the right and possession of two-thirds of the land in the country in a few families, contrary to reason and justice; and it is Parliament law.

“You will at once see my views render the utility of this Convention very doubtful. No question, if every man in the country voted for a member of Parliament, and the House of Lords were not to dispute with them, we might hope to have the tax question—the only real question—considered, and taxes in the end abolished. But my plan is simpler, more direct, and avoids delays, and the chances of such disputes. I propose to discontinue Parliaments altogether; and if a new law requires to be made at any time, which cannot be oftener than once in ten or fifteen years, a convention may be assembled, composed of delegates of the whole nation, to decide on the alteration. Special laws are always bad. The common principles of justice, as explained in the codes of every nation, are generally, if properly applied, quite adequate to meet even the changing conditions of society,

and to determine every difficulty. We first begin by making special laws, then we amend the special laws, by provisions and resolutions, and at last end in inextricable confusion, which even the lawyers despair at witnessing, nor can tell what the law is; but the tubs thrown out in the shape of Acts of Parliament amuse the whale, and the money question is thereby lost sight of.

“On the distribution of the taxes, or money raised from the whole country, amongst a few depends the existence of what in most nations is prized, I mean rank, and title, and family honors, for these unless supported by money become ridiculous. Thus they have a two-fold object in withdrawing out of sight the money question; for they thus secure, as I have shown, their own comfortable and luxurious subsistence, and that of their relations and dependants, and continue these honours in that splendour which is essential to make them of value.”

Mr. Quivox had proceeded thus far, and was drawing breath for a new course, when Mr. Ar-

nold, who sat burning with impatience, begged to remind him that his views were subversive of the whole objects of the Convention, and were impracticable.

"We must take our institutions as we find them, Mr. Quivox, and endeavour to improve, and thus procure as much good out of them as we can."

"By Jasus!" said Mr. McKitterick, "and that, my dear fellow, is what I have wished to say this long half hour; but divil a word could I get in at all at all. We should all be dead and buried by Mr. Quivox's plan of reform. The money question, as he calls it, is what we wish to get into, and there are some here who could look after it when reform put them in places to do so."

"Yes, my respected Irish friend," said Quivox, "and all the better you would look after it from having little of your own."

At this insinuation Mr. McKitterick, in a rapture of indignation, assured the meeting that one acre of his estate was worth all Quivox-

muirhead, as they might convince themselves by a visit to Ireland, where he invited them all to meet him.

"It is as I feared," said Mr. Quivox at length, "even those who seem more advanced in knowledge are yet incapable of ascending the lower heights of my science. Their vision becomes dull, their limbs tremble under them, and straightway they tumble into those pits, which the ignorance of man has caused him to dig every where along the base. I must reserve the consideration of my views for other men more able to appreciate them."

"Let posterity, my dear Mr. Quivox," said Arnold, "profit by them."

"And much good may our grand-children get from them," added Mr. McKitterick, "for, by Jasus, I agree with Mr. Fox, that there is something in Mr. Quivox's science which surpasses my comprehension; some things so vast that I could never embrace them myself, nor find any one who did."

"But," resumed Arnold without heeding this

interruption, "we must be prepared to propound what measure of reform will content us."

Upon this the Economist got up, put his spectacles in his pocket, and assured the meeting that they could come to no useful or satisfactory conclusion upon the subject, and left them.

"The baste, with his science has so destroyed my very heart and soul," said McKitterick, "that we must adjourn for some refreshment."

"Bless me," said Arnold looking at his watch, "tis past twelve. We will adjourn till to morrow the consideration of the question."

CHARLES OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT appears in one age important enough to engage the attention to the utmost of those in power and authority, is passed over in another as unworthy of serious regard, in so much that men are surprised at the fervor of feeling that then existed, and the severity of the measures adopted to quell opinions, or to repress or punish the means used to disseminate them. Man examines history with the lights of his own age, and views past events undisturbed by the excitement of being actually exposed to the conflict, and in fear of danger from the prevalence of ideas opposed to those which have been generally received. Thus the opinions of Arnold and Prince-

ton would fifty years later, have not only caused no surprise or blame, but have been approved of and generally followed. But they were promulgated at a time and in a nation not fitted for their reception, and met only with reprobation from the wealthy and cultivated classes of society.

It was therefore with satisfaction that McGibbon was heard when he reported his watch upon Arnold, and the ease with which he could on a signal be secured. He was a stranger and might withdraw himself. As to Princeton and Mitchell, all that seemed necessary was to find materials from their language to convict them when apprehended; of the actual power and means of securing their persons when the time arrived there was seen to be no difficulty; for both had property and friends in the country which they could not easily leave.

Yet there was some little hesitation at first felt, in resorting to extreme measures, for similar opinions to theirs had been pretty freely expressed by men of rank and fortune in London

and throughout various parts of England, and it seemed strange that what was permitted in the one should be illegal and seditious in the other end of the island. Relying upon this, Arnold still thought nothing had gone farther in the Convention than could be justified: he only made the mistake, not wonderful in a stranger, of not making himself acquainted with the laws of the country in which he chose for the time to reside.

Princeton and Mitchell, however, were under no such mistake. The former knew that danger had been incurred; the latter knew this and was resolved to disregard and brave it. There is always a certain sympathy for such men amongst the masses, who love courage, in asserting popular rights; and this contributes to endow the champions with firmness and constancy. Pride and love of celebrity help to produce martyrs as well as the principles which they maintain; and an analysis of the motives of human actions, if it were possible to pry into the hearts of men, would perhaps detract somewhat from

the reverence with which many celebrated men are regarded.

The latest speeches which had been delivered in the Convention, and especially the appointment of Secret Committees, of Committees of Emergency, and of Public Safety, all seemed, however, to lead directly to the consequences which had occurred in France, and disposed those in power to put down the Convention by every legal means. They forgot in their zeal and terror that Britain was not France, and that the people were not easily led by speeches, or committed to guilt, cruelty, or crime.

Mr. Frankover, either himself, or by the intervention of others, reported all that Mr. Princeton said; and this was quite sufficient to save him from trouble at Princeton's hands on account of the seizure of Charles Oliphant.

Inquiry on that subject was therefore eluded by the secret directions of those charged with the police of the country—it was said there was not sufficient evidence to connect Mr. Frankover with the affair—Mr. Princeton was said to be

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interested or not impartial. He was baffled and disappointed: and left to meditate a reform of the law among the other matters which he and his friends were engaged in attempting to improve.

CHAPTER VIII.

It is not without some thoughts akin to those which strike the stranger on seeing the manners of a foreign country, its usages, and habits, so different from his own, that an Englishman finds himself in the northern portion of our island. The contrast was more marked sixty years ago than it is now in many particulars, but it remains undiminished and unaltered in the services and forms of the churches of the two countries. The pomp, and ceremony, and certain of the forms of episcopal church government, are opposed by the simplicity and bareness and the informality of Presbytery. Each has its merits which cannot be united like the civil govern-

ment of Britain, but must ever remain distinguished. Yet sometimes episcopacy may regret to be unable to inspire, by noble appeals, that fervor of religious feeling to which the Scottish people have been liable, and Presbytery must lament that a settled formula has not prevented extravagance and wildness of opinions and sentiments intruding themselves into the solemn duties of religion.

Mr. Arnold made an engagement with Mr. Dobie to hear a sermon in one of the city churches, for he wished to see the Presbyterian mode of worship and its difference from the forms used in the Episcopal Church.

Mr. Dobie was punctual to the hour, and accompanied Arnold to the High Church, where the usual service was gone through, namely, a portion of a psalm sung by the congregation, a prayer made, and a sermon preached by the clergyman. Arnold on leaving the church remarked to Mr. Dobie that the congregation appeared to have too little to do, and the preacher too much.

"In consequence," said he, "I observe some portion of the congregation can hardly keep themselves awake, and the whole ceremonial is too little varied, and is tame, drowsy, and monotonous."

Mr. Dobie had the highest opinion of all the rules and regulations of Presbytery, and was astonished, where he expected praise to find a sentence of condemnation.

"Mr. Arnold, we worship God here in the simplest way possible, for he can neither take pleasure in pomp and grandeur nor riches in his worshippers. It is the heart that he watches, and if that is pure, ceremony becomes superfluous."

Arnold replied :

"Mr. Dobie, you will please to observe that you have not answered my remark, which I think is well founded. Your congregations instead of having something to do, as in the episcopal and catholic churches, have nothing to do; and thus they become tired hearers, or even fall asleep. The minister having again everything to

do without an assistant, is never off his legs; but the length to which he is forced to extend both his prayer and sermon, from the congregation not assisting in the service, makes him exceedingly tedious, and the whole service accordingly wears that drowsy appearance I have noticed. The portion of a psalm which is sung is not sufficient relief to the minister, and is not calculated to insure the assistance of the congregation; for only those who can sing are able to take any part in it, although I wish all could take part in it, as praise of heaven, by singing, is much to be admired."

Mr. Dobie was astonished and mortified to hear what he considered the perfection of a solemn service thus sharply treated, and for the most part disapproved; but before he could collect himself to reply, Mr. Arnold went on:

"You have in this country, Mr. Dobie, fallen into the error of supposing that barbarous nakedness is beautiful simplicity. The ornamental is as admissible into the services of religion as into anything of merely human inven-

tion; not that I mean heaven can take any peculiar pleasure in forms, but because forms and ceremonies, varied and ornamental, are a means of and do procure attention in the congregation. They join in them and feel they are worshippers, not hearers. If you will look into an episcopal or catholic church—

“I never will, Sir,” said Mr. Dobie.

But Arnold heeded not the interruption.

“You will find the whole congregation alert, and going over the prayers and service of the day, and none gazing idly round, or leaning their head on the table asleep, or asleep with their mouths open, or attending to everything but the preacher. Get organs into your kirks—have a prayer book—make your congregations join in the prayers—improve and vary your music—put an end to these long prayers—and let the merit of your sermons consist in strength united to brevity—”

“Mr Arnold,” said Dobie, “I can bear this no longer. You are attacking what Knox established, and what the people of this country

have venerated since his time; what they have reason to prize, since they defended it as they defended their liberty against your ancestors in England. Upon a single hearing you, though a stranger and in great ignorance, presume to pronounce sentence and give directions, as if you had studied the whole subject."

"Well, well," said Arnold smiling, "we shall not quarrel about it; but I would, with every respect, recommend to my fellow countrymen in Scotland not to believe they have nothing to learn, as that is the sure way to remain in a state of ignorance of the progress of other nations. Abate something of your self adulation, and take a useful lesson from any quarter. I say this, not without a just estimate of your good qualities, your energy, and self-dependence."

Mr. Dobie had been willing to admit Mr. Arnold's greater knowledge in political affairs, but this assumption of a magisterial tone in ecclesiastical matters took him altogether by surprise. Before, however, he could recollect

himself, and produce something worthy of the occasion, Mr. Arnold said—

“Where do your poor worship; for we have now seen the streets crowded with well-dressed men, women, and children returning from church, whose whole appearance indicates that they belong almost entirely to the middle or upper class of society here.”

“Oh!” said Mr. Dobie, “there you are mistaken. There are many, both men and women, in the crowd you have seen, whose hands would show hard work six days out of the seven.”

“Many, say you? but my enquiry is after the place of worship for those who have not gay dress, who toil from day to day, and hardly meet the demands of their offspring and themselves for the coarsest food and raiment. You will not deny that in this broad street and in these closes, with both of which I have now some acquaintance, there are swarms of ill-clad and ill-fed fellow creatures employed in their occupations through the week, and to be seen every day but this day. Where do they worship, and how do

they find their way home from church? As yet my eyes have met with none of them to-day."

Mr. Dobie stood still, as if uncertain what answer to make. It started a view of the condition of a multitude of the population which many as well as himself were but too much in the habit of refusing to dwell on. At length he replied—

"There is not one church for the rich and another for the poor. The churches are open to all, and all may and are invited to attend. If from pride, or carelessness, or vice, some will not attend, you surely do not mean to charge the fault on any but themselves."

"But you do not mean to say that there were any of the poor we see on week days in the street at the High Church to-day."

"I do not know?" said Mr. Dobie.

"At least, we have seen none; and I infer from your answer none are to be seen at any other of the churches in this city. They have not suddenly been metamorphosed into the com-

fortable and well dressed people stepping slowly along the streets just at this moment."

"No congregation in any church of the city will appear different from that which we have just left."

"Exactly so; and, therefore, I am at liberty to believe that there are thousands in this city who attend no church; and they do so from one of two causes perhaps; either that the rich put them to shame by their gay apparel, or your churches are all for the rich, while no church is brought down to the wants and means of the poor, and no minister officiates in a church where poor men and women are his hearers. Ah! Mr. Dobie, let us go down some of those closes that issue in the Cowgate, and see how the poor get on. We shall discover their church if there be one."

Thus saying, he took the arm of the surprised and offended Presbyterian, who allowed himself to be led away by the suddenness of the proposal, and they entered one of the closes.

There, and still more conspicuously when they

reached the Cowgate, the condition of the poor on Sunday was seen; and Mr. Dobie had seen it often without being struck by it. Alas! such is the force of habit; so careless are we of the misery, the destitution, the irreligion at our own doors, while our eyes run to and fro over all the earth to find foreign objects on which to expend our money, and sympathies, and affections.

The men stood in groups in their working clothes, gossiping, smoking, squabbling; the small public houses with half open door, lighted with candles at mid-day, were full to overflowing; the women went hither and thither anxious about their husbands, who were so idling and drinking as to render themselves incapable for the hard work of the morrow; and the children, afraid to show themselves, were peering in rags from the doors.

The men and women themselves, too, looked as if they were guilty of a crime in appearing without gay, flaunting dresses, on the day set apart for the ordinances of religion, especially the women, whose sense of present deficiencies was rendered

keener by recollections of better attire and of more comfort, before they undertook the cares of a family; but all of them conspired in regarding Arnold and Dobie with looks of suspicion and distrust, as spies come to view the nakedness of the land.

Mr. Dobie felt conscious, and only then for the first time, that Arnold was penetrating into secrets which he could have wished had remained unknown, and proposed to return to the upper world.

"No," said Arnold "let us have a view of these regions where poverty and misfortune dwell, and where religion comes not to comfort and instruct."

After he had dragged the unwilling Presbyterian through the Bow, the Cowgate, Blackfriars Wynd, and down the Canongate, in all of which the same pale, emaciated, drunken artisans—the same drabs—the same crowds of dirty children continually met their eyes, and the same spirituous temples still appeared dimly lighted, Arnold at length remarked,

“Mr. Dobie, all is not gold that glitters. Every country is not religious merely because its wealthier inhabitants are seen regularly at church, nor is that the best system of religion which undertakes the care only of those who wear fine clothes and jingle superfluous coin in their pockets. It seems to me the clergy of the Catholic Church are much more attentive to the spiritual wants of the poor than your gloomy Presbyterians. They would have had churches to which these crowds could have gone even in their every day dress—they would at least have exhorted them to cleanliness and sobriety—they would not have despised them; they would have had congregations exclusively of the poor, and their spiritual welfare would have been provided for. What signifies it that you tell me the churches are open to all, if practically none but the well-dressed can enter? If dress is a condition of admission, as to the boxes of a theatre, and you are so religious a people, why don't you curtail your superfluities, and improve the dress of your fellow creatures? It would be much more in the spirit of Christ to

do this than to make ostentatious displays in your own persons."

At these singular and novel views of the religious condition of his countrymen, their wants and obligations, Mr. Dobie was grievously offended, and as they were founded upon facts, which being palpable could neither be denied nor evaded, he felt infinite difficulty in making, especially to a stranger, any satisfactory answer. After a pause he said,

"I do not admit that the Catholic clergy could or would do more than our own clergy, and I do not think my countrymen would relish the idea of churches exclusively for the poor: they are too republican in their opinions and too proud, for a moment to admit that they cannot attend any church in the city."

"I want not to injure their spirit in this respect," said Arnold, "I would not debar the poor man from any church, but I would, at least, give him an opportunity of attending some church where his pride should not be mortified.

"Mr. Arnold, you are a stranger and must live longer in Scotland before you can pretend to judge in these matters; but pray, of what religion are you, for at one time I suppose you an Episcopalean, at another a Catholic?"

Mr. Dobie had now accidentally made a home-thrust; and from the confusion that appeared in Arnold's manner and countenance he felt that he had done so, and prepared to follow it up.

"It is not of much importance, Mr. Dobie," said Arnold; "my individual opinions do not hinder me from judging correctly of the pretensions of your countrymen to extraordinary piety. The doors of your churches are like our law courts, open to all; but into neither can the poor man afford to enter; the courts of law have indeed one advantage over the courts of heaven, that they find representatives of the poor to plead for them."

"Mr. Arnold to what sect of Christians do you belong?"

"I have known none yet," said Arnold, "to whose opinions or dogmas I will bind myself; I

see much to amend in all of them, and at present I have been endeavouring to lower the arrogant pretensions and conceit of those who find perfection only in Presbyterianism."

"Well then," said Mr. Dobie, "you and I must part company even in politics, for I can have no confidence in any man who has no fixed religious principle, and who treats with such irreverence our unequalled system of church government, which might be a model for every political reform which the people can demand."

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Arnold, "our difference in opinion regarding church government need not have caused an estrangement on other subjects."

In this dry and summary manner the two controversialists separated, from having an irreconcilable difference of opinion on a matter apart from politics which had been their first bond of union.

And such indeed are the prejudices that prevent men acting together, even in affairs where their opinions are as one, and which thrust them-

selves more or less disguised into almost every thought or act of human life; but Arnold in this respect was most to blame that he commenced the contest, and persisted in pursuing what would offend, to a conclusion. And he was mistaken also in point of fact, in one of his assertions, though Mr. Dobie was too home-bred to be aware of it, for the attention which the Catholic priesthood pay to the poor in Britain, arises from their having for the most part only the poorest class of the Irish population under their charge, by whose hard-won earnings they must live, and who thus command their care, from which all the good does not flow that is toiled for and might be expected.

On the continent the Catholic Churches are, as the churches in Britain, open to the poor but no greater proportion appears in them, and from the same cause. This does not nullify the general truth of Arnold's observations, however, and only proves that the same consequences occurring in both churches in similar circumstances, there is room for amendment in both; and much room for

our British people withdrawing their sympathy from foreign objects and communicating it with those nearer home; in forgetting for a time the barbarians and savages of the tropics, and improving the darkened minds and degraded morals and sanitary condition of our own neglected city population. It is not easy work, it is not ostentatious, the calls are numerous, the gratitude small; but the effect will be greater than missionary reports from all other parts of the world have ever shown; and some ridicule from the scoffer, who twits us with sweeping our neighbour's or a stranger's house, and leaving the filth to accumulate in our own, will also be avoided.

In doing good to our countrymen our charity will begin at home, as it ought to do, and when objects cease there, it may expand and be extended as far as the most enthusiastic and high minded and religious feel inclined, or the generosity of the British public will furnish the means.

CHAPTER IX.

WHILE Mr. Dobie's Presbyterian opinions had been offended by the plain speaking of Mr. Arnold, his errors in politics had also been exposed on several occasions by that gentleman, and on both these grounds Mr. Dobie had begun to cherish a settled hatred towards him. Arnold had indeed become aware of this by direct communication with Mr. William Henderson, whose friendship he had acquired by the similarity of their opinions in the convention. Thus alive to Mr. Dobie's feelings, and having at the close of next meeting retired with Mr. Henderson to that gentleman's lodgings, he, after supper, took occasion

to let fall some observations on the subject of their recent disagreement.

There was a stranger present, but Arnold on introduction failed to catch his name, though he felt assured from the intimacy that appeared between Henderson and him that he was safe enough from having his words misrepresented, and in believing that no prejudice would prevent their reception.

• “Henderson,” said Arnold, “I believe it to be true that there is no more inveterate enemy than a religious pretender, detected and exposed. The cloak which he wears is not easily stripped off, and mankind having, but too many of them, adopted the same dress, will afford you no assistance; on the contrary they seem rather disposed to embarrass you, for they feel that one detection may lead to more and ultimately to suspicion and doubt of themselves. The true and earnest christian I honour, and many such there are, externally the same in appearance as Dobie, yet inwardly and in the heart totally different. But as in an army there may be some poltroons, who

preserve the same outward appearance as brave men till their defects are discovered in the day of battle, so in private life, until some event arises calculated to bring out the true character of man, the religious pretender walks about with all and more than all the confidence of the true christian; with more, I say, for he has the sterling and honest reputation of the true man to bolster up his own, and finds additional security in the respect it receives."

Mr. Henderson replied :

" Such men as Dobie, who imagine christianity to consist in the observance of some forms and the contempt of others, or in a steadfast and rooted aversion to forms which please their neighbours, are common enough everywhere, and, as you indeed truly say, they are pretenders to religion without any of its spirit; and are difficult to be distinguished from those who, with a tolerant mind towards all, adopt these forms which early education or subsequent examination teaches them to be best."

" Well," said Arnold, " I found he had pre-

judiced various members against me by hints and inuendoes; and you will observe that here again his cloak gives him an advantage, as it not only hides his true character, but is a species of defensive armour against an antagonist; for I soon saw that one or two shafts which I directed against him, by way of hint that he must not expect continual impunity, fell blunted to the ground. When will that day arrive when man shall learn to regard religion as a thing about which there should be no quarrel, since it is a matter not for angry contention between man and man, but always lies betwixt man and his Creator; by whom only can the heart be known, or judgment rightly awarded. When will that day arrive when the forms of the Catholic Church shall be admitted by Protestants to be really conducive to a religious feeling, and as tending to nourish the principle of devotion in the soul; and when Catholics, forgetting their unfounded claims to superiority, shall admit that the forms of their church are not essential, but that Heaven may be properly approached in

Presbyterian simplicity under the guidance of Protestant ministers. We must have a toleration born of the understanding, Mr. Henderson, not by form of law or act of parliament, which would be a reformation more consonant with true religion, and better even than the useful and necessary reformation of Luther and Calvin. These great men reformed what now is Protestant Europe in a number of important and unimportant articles of belief and forms of worship, but planted at the same time many passions, jealousies, and prejudices in the minds of their followers, which have descended to us through three centuries."

Mr. Henderson felt they were fast falling into what might become a religious controversy, and remarked,

"Mr. Arnold, there is something even harder to be accomplished in that reformation you contemplate than the reform of the House of Commons, inasmuch as it proposes the reclamation of the soul of man from prejudices and errors in which it has been reared from childhood. Let

me recommend you to sink in the meantime your Unitarian spirit of liberality in religion, for I think there is enough to do in the political world to occupy your whole attention."

The stranger, who had sat listening attentively to this conversation, and who had not hitherto interposed, now observed that if Mr. Arnold proposed to reform all the prejudices of mankind, he would find he had undertaken a task beyond his strength.

"I wish, Sir," said he, addressing Arnold, "you could improve the heart as well as the understanding. You might, perhaps, reach the one while improving the other. I was misled, when first introduced into society in this town, by its conventional forms, into the belief that the heart corresponded to the outward polish, and was as superior in the great, as their manners are beyond dispute more captivating than those of the poor. Alas! no long acquaintance with them has dissipated that delusion. The polish is like the glittering dress of an actor, which shows well in the light of lamps to the wonder-

ing eyes of a crowded house; but the sun's light destroys the illusion, and shows but brass and tin for gold and silver. What heart there was is ground away in the furbishing up of the tricky deception. I have found those who professed friendship and esteem for me at one time, scarce willing at another to recognise me with a cold bow. I have met with constrained civility where I had found previously the utmost cordiality. I have found friendship which was tendered to me over the bowl, forgotten with the fumes which, it appears, had produced it. I have found myself vulgar where before I was held natural; and manly independence characterised as coarse insolence. And by the way," turning to Henderson, "I have seen to-day what has wrung my heart till my eyes overflowed, the most beautiful girl in all our country, Miss Ashfield, betrayed and deserted by one of these same polished pretenders. After courting and deceiving her, he has at last, when the matter could no longer be concealed, deserted her, and in doing so destroyed her comfort and character,

and eternally damned his own. For me, I have something to regret and something to repair myself in that way; but it shall be done, and the observation of the conduct of such a villain confirms my resolution. . . I shall desert these haunts, in which I have been led half-way to destruction, and again breathe the air of my native fields; I will exchange truth for falsehood, kindness for politeness, honesty for false honour. Would I had never known how to make the contrast, but had remained happy with my own people, contented with what was granted by heaven in my own country."

There was something in the vigour and boldness of the stranger's address which exceedingly interested Arnold. His face, dark, masculine, commanding; his brilliant eye, his impassioned manner, all compelled respect.

Who is this? What manner of man? Whence is he? thought Arnold, as if some disguised warrior had suddenly thrown off his mantle and appeared in complete armour.

The admiration which Arnold felt was observed.

in his countenance by Henderson, who smiled as he said—

“So, Robert, you have found out for yourself at last what I think I told you at first. Genius and worth are no certain means of introduction to society above your own condition. The strength of these must be proved by years of toil, which shall be so successfully applied as to produce golden tokens for the taste of those who recognise not the claims of genius. Whether it ought always to be so may admit of question, but a great deal may be said, perhaps, to show that society must be on its guard against pretension, mediocrity, or mistake. A sudden leap rarely succeeds in the affairs of life. First make money, which is a certain passport; but if you cannot do that, and are too independent to creep in by back doors or windows like a thief, retreat before you are disgracefully repelled.”

“No man shall say, Henderson, I crept in any where; I stand upright and enter, or not at all; and as to repelling, I never courted the society of great men or women; they drew me into their

society, and I only complain of the hollowness of their hearts, so practised in deception, and regret that my honesty was no match for their false politeness. But to-morrow I bid adieu to this place, which I wish I had never seen; for conscience whispers to me I have spent time in it which could have been better employed, and perhaps acquired some habits I shall not easily shake off. Little did I think that the great were often more dissipated than the men I used to wonder at on market days, when a boy, and ten times more degraded in their language, conduct, and manners."

Henderson was anxious to withdraw his attention from so unpleasing a subject, in which Arnold could feel no interest, and requested to be informed who had injured Miss Ashfield, whom he had seen and admired.

"Why, a fellow of large estate—a Colonel of some sort—but no soldier; one who, whatever harm he may do the women, will never draw the blood of a Frenchman; a mere worthless idler, who plays at soldiers up and down the country,

than whom the strolling tinker who sells horn spoons has a more honest occupation, and certainly a better reputation. But, look you, Henderson, that man's conduct will exclude him from no society, though he is more a thief or a cheat than any man who is fulfilling his sentence in jail."

Still this appeared to Henderson a recurrence to the same theme on which he had already enlarged, and he enquired—

"Have you settled with the bookseller?"

"Oh! yes. That rascal has been one occasion of my unfortunate stay so long here; but I have done with him too."

"Well," said Henderson, "you must forget what is past, and apply yourself to the farm, but not to the entire neglect of the muse."

"Neglect her," he replied; "why, never man; but I must forswear her society, except at an odd time, and yet how can I keep such an oath, when she hangs on me, fondly, in field, and in house, or following the plough, in meadow or corn field, by river and burn, by haunted wa's,

by castle or by cot, at early morn, burning noon, or dewy and silent eve, at which time I like her best; how can I then forswear? It's impossible; but I must try to be wiser and live under more self-control."

Here a knock was heard, and a voice inquiring for him, whom Henderson would gladly have detained, both for his wit and genius, and to keep him from the men, who were on the watch to lead him away, on the last night he should remain in town.

"I must go, Henderson—a promise. Good bye; heaven bless you!"

He was gone. Henderson turned to Arnold, and with a sigh exclaimed,—

"The finest genius would be ruined by such a life. I pray to heaven he may be off to-morrow; but now let us leave thinking of him, and talk of our own affairs. You must be more than ever on your guard, Arnold, when that fellow Dobie is present. I suspect him to be a hypocrite as well in politics as in religion."

Arnold started as he said,

"That surely is impossible. I have ever spoken to him with entire confidence in his sincerity, believing that he entertained the same political convictions and views as myself."

"But what I have said is possible, and you know me too well to suppose I would endeavour to alarm you with what I believed unfounded suspicions and conjectures. Whether these are not only possible but probable, I shall ascertain very shortly. In the meantime let me repeat my caution."

The conversation fell off to various subjects, amusing to both, till Arnold, temperate in his habits, arose, and Henderson was forced, though unwilling, to allow him to depart.

CHAPTER X.

MR. HENDERSON had made an engagement to an evening party some days before, at which Miss Ashfield would be present; and as Mr. Arnold had expressed a wish to go he called for him in the evening. The gentleman who invited Henderson was glad to see any friend whom he was pleased to bring with him, and the lady of the house concurred with her husband in her regard for him, as his manners and character were both interesting and agreeable. Miss Ashfield had arrived, and Arnold was introduced to her, as he was desirous to make the acquaintance of one who had called forth that burst of sensibility from the stranger of the previous evening. Ar-

nold was captivated by her beauty and lively conversation, which shone forth brilliantly, though tinged with a shade of melancholy from the peculiar situation in which she stood; for that it was no longer possible to conceal, the affair having begun already to afford employment to the gentlemen of the long robe. She expected Henderson to bring the bard whom she much admired, along with him; and great was her disappointment, as well as that of the rest of the gay circle, when it was found that his animated conversation was not to be enjoyed.

"That he had reason," she said, "to complain of the coldness of his reception from the great folks of this town, I do believe; but here, at least he would have found a cordial welcome."

Henderson concurred, and endeavoured both by his own wit and by drawing out Arnold in various ways to make up for the deficiency, and he succeeded to a greater extent than he expected.

"I had heard," said Miss Ashfield to Henderson, after some time, returning to the same subject that seemed to occupy her thoughts, "that

he would not remain in Edinburgh any longer. I met with some lines of an old song to day, which I read with a feeling that I hope was not prophetic, but I am myself so melancholy just now. Here is the volume, Mr. Henderson; do read them, for they have made me sadder still."

Henderson's curiosity being excited, he read the verses as follows:

Nae whisky gill, nae nappy yill,
The lads cam ben to pree,
He's gone wha made a' happy still,
The wal o' company.
Ah! sad and dowie was the day,
Grief was in hut and ha',
Ilk auld wife sighed, ilk lassie cried,
Sweet Robin's weered awa.

The laverock high within yon clud,
Forgot his mate to cheer,
The mavis flew thro' Lyndale wood,
Nor piped his notes sae clear.
Ah! sad, &c.

Ilk brawling burn a hoarser din
Of murmuring clamour made;
Ilk red, red rose, and daisy meek,
Bent to the earth its head.
Ah! sad, &c.

And ere its time among the trees,
The winter's blast gan rave,
And plucked their earliest grave to make
Our ain sweet Robin's grave.
Ah! sad, &c.

“Out upon this lacrymose Poetaster,” Henderson said on finishing; “one who is but returning to Kyle, you would make this fellow a prophet to send to the society of Orpheus and Musaeus. Truly the social qualities of him who has left us have been too much tasked by those who know not his unequalled strength of intellect, which has found no just employment, even though we have obtained much gratification from his poetry.”

Miss Ashfield said that none could wish his genius had been otherwise employed. “Else,” she said, “we should not have had the sweet music of our country linked to verse so true to nature, that both seem to have been born together; twin children, and destined to live for ever. I sometimes think that the spirits of those ancient songsters must, one after the other, have stolen upon the poet’s soul, and breathed through it, each his own antique melody. At one time he has caught the wild and plaintive strain of Yarrow or Gala; at another the joyous measure of Strathspey; at another the quaint liveliness

of the music of his native district. But I am pleased, for his own sake, and for those to whom he is dear, that he has left the distractions of this place, and only wish that its effects may be transient, stopping for a time the stream, only that it may flow more strongly when the bank is broken."

"Ah! little you know, Miss Ashfield," said Henderson, "of the effects which such society as he has met here leave on the sensitive soul. Then is the consciousness awakened which might have lain dormant, that he could adorn a higher sphere, from which fortune has excluded him. The plain manners, the monotonous life, the iteration of the same homely duties, will, I fear, prove tedious and almost insupportable to one whose soul has been kept in a whirl of excitement and been pampered with applause. He will live like the actor, who has been cheered nightly in crowded houses, with rounds of plaudits, till he has thought himself a god secure against neglect; or like the wild Indian, who has drunk the fire-water of the white-faced trader, till he

has forgot to be energetic, prudent, calculating, enduring, and become idle, sluggish, and besotted. I pray that my forebodings may not be realised, but that with change of place the old feelings and habits may resume their sway; and then we may hope for something greater still, that may yet further raise him above the crowd, and make him still more the admiration of his country."

"I know not," said Arnold, who now knew the stranger he had met with was Burns, "if I am able to judge in such a matter, for in England we have had no poet who has followed the plough. Shakespeare, whatever mere scholars may say, was comparatively a learned man; he had, as is clear from his use of words in their Latin sense, a fair knowledge of the Roman tongue and of the authors who wrote in it; and Greek literature has never had much more influence on English poets than it might have had on Shakespeare. The truth is, he worked with materials drawn from the living world as he saw it, and not from the dead. His Romans are accordingly imbued with English character and feeling, while exhibit-

ing the more general features of mankind at large. It is as ridiculous to believe that Shakespeare has expressed or well understood the majestic military character of the ancient Romans as to allege that his powerful but wild ideas and verses resemble the stately march and consular dignity of the verses of Virgil. Shakespeare may be said to be confined to the scenes of Cressy or Bosworth, the other

"Auroramque sequi Parthosque reposcere signa."

These views of Arnold sounded strange and contradictory to Henderson's ears, who was accustomed to consider the great tragic bard as having understood at a glance the general mind of man modified by time or institutions civil or religious, by occupations or by customs, as it has appeared in various nations through centuries; as a poetical Ulysses, who saw a Roman triumph proceeding with the spoils of the vanquished into the Eternal City; an Egyptian procession sailing on the Nile, or the knights and men at arms of Agincourt or Towton in his mind's eye, and

able so by wondrous verses to present them alive to after ages. He at once therefore demurred to Arnold's remarks, and told him that with every respect to the fine flow of the verses of Virgil, he was not to be spoken of as an original poet.

"He drew light," said Henderson, "and inspiration from Greece and Sicily, and in his pleasing retreat on the Mincius, amongst a luxurious people, amused himself with imitating warlike scenes from the lines of Homer—

'Fuscus marmorea meditatus praelia villa.'"

Miss Ashfield smiled, and said she believed they were renewing a worn out discussion, but was surprised that the champions had not stood on contrary sides.

"You are no true Englishman, Mr. Arnold, in poetry; for you should uphold the bard of Avon on all occasions, and against all foes, foreign and domestic; and it is because I love what comes home to the heart through our own experience of fine writing in our own

country's dialect, that I prefer the bright and kind-hearted friend who should have been here, to all the Virgils and Homers and other ancient scribes in Greek and Latin that have ever existed; and if it were not for men's love of mystery they would not differ from me."

Arnold smiled in turn at the patriotism of the lady, as he remembered the observation of Johnson.

"Miss Ashfield," he said, "we ought to love truth more than friends or country. I am not a judge of your poet's works, though I see from their universal favor and reception, they must have deserved all the praise you have bestowed. It is a shame that I should be obliged to confess my ignorance of them, but if I remain long here I may hope to learn; and besides, perhaps I shall take lessons from Henderson in Scotch, so as to derive from a perusal my share of the general pleasure.

The company laughed, and Henderson said he would be glad of such a pupil.

Some of those airs, to which the poet had

united his verses, were heard by Arnold with the highest delight, no teaching being necessary to understand that universal language. By such means and conversation in which all could share, an agreeable evening was passed. When the party broke up Arnold expressed to Henderson his admiration of the beauty and goodness of Miss Ashfield.

"You say nothing more than she deserves," he replied, "but alas! the man whom I may mention more of to you hereafter, is neither by education nor natural character, able to appreciate her."

CHAPTER XI.

SOME days afterwards Arnold met with Mr. Henderson accidentally, as he was about to ascend one of the long common stairs in the High Street. He had his foot on the step, but returned a yard or two to shake hands with one whom he now much esteemed, and told him he was about to visit an old college chum and early friend, who came up with him to Edinburgh to pursue his studies, but had fallen into ill health, and was then, he feared, in a precarious or even dangerous condition.

“He has not, fortunately, trouble on account of worldly wants,” said Henderson, “as his father was able to leave him a little, which

those who managed it have not lost or diminished by misapplication or speculation; besides he has himself so few desires that he is always able to devote something for the relief of the distressed, of whom there are not a few in his immediate vicinity, in which work of kindness he goes further sometimes than worldly prudence would warrant; but he has so many and apparently good excuses when I remonstrate, that I generally fail in persuading him that he has erred in his care for poor suffering human nature."

"I will accompany you," said Arnold; "that is, if you will allow me, and if my presence will not offend him."

"I am sure it will not. His name is Pringle; and I am exceedingly desirous to hear the doctor's opinion of him to-day, and this is about the hour when he calls."

They both proceeded to ascend the winding staircase to the flat of the house in which he lived, and Henderson inquired if they could see Mr. Pringle.

"The doctor's wi' him," said the landlady, "wait awee in that room."

They stepped in, and were in a little, joined by the doctor, who explained to them the condition of the sufferer.

"I perceive," said Henderson, "from your account, doctor, my poor friend is ill, but of his ultimate recovery I venture to hope there is no doubt."

At that moment Mrs. Pringle, his afflicted and anxious mother, coming into the room stopped the reply that was on the doctor's lips; and Henderson was affected by the inference he could not avoid drawing from the doctor's silence consequent upon her appearance. A kind word from Mrs. Pringle, as he stretched forth his hand, shewed the friendly feeling with which she regarded him.

The doctor went away, and the young men were shown into the patient's room. On seeing Henderson, a smile lighted up his pallid but handsome countenance, and beamed for a moment in his dark eye, as he gave his hand to Hen-

derson, which was eagerly grasped. By way of turning the thoughts of both from painful reflections, Henderson introduced Mr. Arnold.

"I am happy to see any one whom you bring, and wish I could enjoy Mr. Arnold's conversation."

Arnold expressed regret for his present suffering, but added that he was sure of deriving much pleasure from the introduction on Mr. Pringle's recovery.

"On my recovery, alas! I fear I shall lie for ever like Theseus pinned to his chair. One limb is now far longer than the other, and I have been told it must become far shorter than the other, before I can hope to rise, or even to sit, or almost to change the uneasy posture that wears my flesh away. The smallest attempt to move produces the most exquisite anguish. You cannot know—and I hope never will know—the sinking of the heart that is produced by the early rays of the sun coming in at one window—his full light at another—his failing beams at a third, as the hours drag heavily on; while

the distant cheerful hum of the children at play in the street reminds one of the time when his limbs were agile and body strong; or the roll of carriages, and the noise of the outer world tell that the busy scene is going on in which I am, though young, perhaps no more to engage. Last night more than any was to me one of horrid dreams. I had turned over some pages of Homer and Plutarch to beguile the weary hours, and after falling into a slumber restless, fitful, and uneasy, my fancy, ever alive to the motionless state in which I lie, conjured up one parallel after another of life and surcease of animal motion, as in the horses of Achilles:

*'Αλλ' ὥστε στήλη μένει ἔμπεδον ἥγ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
'Ανέρος εἰσθήκει τεθνήϊός τις ἢ γυναικός,
'Ὡς μένον ἀσφαλέως περικαλλέα δίφρον ἔχοντες.*

Arnold said such dreams were but the consequences of his waking thoughts; and wished it was in his power to suggest any diversion of them.

"I am obliged to you, indeed, but unless

your conversation can help me somewhat, for reading even becomes wearisome, there seems little else. I know not if the ancients were so much to blame in hastening on death when afflicted with an incurable disease. Pliny gives a remarkable instance of such an act, where he has not in view to defend what his times approved, but to show that noble actions require, in order to obtain celebrity, rank and nobility in the actors."

"Yes," said Arnold, "I remember the story. The poor wife mentioned by him was of no rank; and her fortitude and courage passed unnoticed by the world."

Mr. Pringle's mother had come in and sat down unobserved, while this conversation went on. Her eyes from time to time were turned upon her son's worn features. So far as she had attended to the remark he had made, she disapproved of it; "I know but little of what you have been saying; but the Bible teaches us to endure in humble dependence to the end, and heaven may save where human means are vain."

"Yes," said her son, "I must wait the event without shrinking; and more because you desire it than because I wish to prolong a hopeless struggle with an incurable disease."

His mother approached his bedside, her eyes suffused with tears.

"Say not, my son, there is no hope; there is hope in this world, and there is hope beyond it in a better, where cares and pain and disease are unknown. If you endure in faith and hope, your reward may even be here, and will be more than we can ask or think hereafter."

"My dear mother, I will unsay everything I have hastily uttered, for your sake. I will continue to wish to live, just because you wish it; and no pain I may suffer will render me thankless or unmindful that I am indeed blessed in having you to watch over and attend me."

Arnold and Henderson were both intensely affected by the scene, which was shown by their silence. At length the latter felt he ought to try to withdraw their thoughts, for ever so little, from what was so painful, and mentioned one or two

incidents of the time occurring in their native district, the actors in which Pringle knew, and would have laughed loud at their eccentricities. Now, but a faint smile cast its transient light across his countenance, and he said :

“Henderson, I wish I could see my native fields and streams once more. These grey walls smoky chimneys; this narrow chamber confine the very breathing. Towns and crowded streets may and can be endured by a strong and healthy man; for business, the occupations of life, his own interest, make him place his home in them. But the infirm and sick and feeble sigh for fields, gardens, trees, and flowers to cheer the drooping soul. I could at least be carried out to them, or feel my sickly frame fanned by the pure winds of heaven.”

“My dear Mr. Pringle,” said Henderson, “I must try the doctor and a mechanical friend to devise some carriage in which you could be removed.”

“Yes, try them,” said the mother, “I am

happy wherever my child is, but if home would revive him—”

“How can it be,” said her son, “when the slightest motion causes the most intense agony.”

“At present perhaps,” said Arnold, “it may not be possible, but I have seen a friend afflicted with this complaint before, and it may be possible after a little time.”

The mother thanked him for the assurance, and her son said, “something like this the doctor has told me, but I thought he said it more to soothe than for any belief he had, it could be accomplished. I fear, Henderson, I may say like Pelides—

Νῦν δ' ἐπεὶ οὐ νεομαί γε φίλην ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν.

“Say not so,” cried Arnold, “the friend I remember did return to his home and after long suffering recovered.”

“And what was his appearance?”

“It was much as it had been. He grew strong,

engaged in business, and now is very prosperous."

"Yes, but how did he walk?"

"Why, he certainly was lame, but it was not much observed."

"Well, I am comforted at least by the kindness of your suggestions, and my mother will be more so."

She looked but could not speak her thanks; and Arnold, who had become from his generous nature extremely interested in the sufferer, asked leave to send him some fruit, and his offer was accepted.

As they rose to depart a sudden feeling of power came over the patient, that for a moment drove away the pain which the slightest motion usually occasioned, and he rose and almost stood supporting himself by the bedpost.

"I may yet do something, tho' I shall never dance."

The mother with smiles ran forward to guard him, while the young men gently received him in their arms, and replaced him on the bed.

"My dear Mr. Pringle," said Arnold, "do not thus exert yourself; it is too much, but this gives me hope for the future."

"Well get you away then, but come back with Mr. Henderson, or I won't forgive you."

They both went away, and Arnold, who well knew the incurable nature of the disease in one of Pringle's age, almost sobbed with emotion, as he left the house and parted with Henderson.

CHAPTER XII.

A PARTY had been made up by Henderson to visit the romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and Miss Ashfield had consented to be one. It was an agreeable relaxation for Arnold, who felt the tedium of political discussion only increase without any profitable result attending his labour; and the diversities of opinion which never discomposed Mr. Mitchell, were to him, on the contrary, but indications of the difficulty of the work they had undertaken.

Henderson had engaged several friends of both sexes, and they reached the spot on a fine summer morning. After visiting the chapel and castle, and wandering by the clear stream which

pours its waters through the dell, the party sat down on the grass to partake of the refreshments, which they had caused to be provided, and the usual cheerfulness and forgetfulness of worldly cares made the time pass pleasantly away. One of the party, who had some knowledge of antiquities and the usual tendencies produced by such studies, amused them with his views of the castle in former times, when it was inhabited by its ancient lords; and their feudal dependents assembled in the neighbouring chapel, he said, to hear the sacred service of that church under which perhaps they had lived happily, before religious strife overspread the land, and turned its sacred edifices into ruinous decay.

Arnold listened with attention, and though no worshipper of the rites and ceremonies of any church, he said,

“I cannot but remark that the change in this country has not been for the better, whatever it may be held to be in England. The people have become dogmatical and conceited without being more religious, and in their fury against harmless

ceremonial have become merely coarse and savage. In this instance reformation has not been improvement. Both sects are wrong, but the last seems worse than the first, for it has destroyed architecture, music, painting, poetry, and has supplied nothing in their place but tedious sermons and predestinarian hopelessness."

"I believe," said Henderson, "the active, working, energetic Scotland, we owe to the reformation, is better than your lazy Scotland which was catholic, Spanish, and proud; but at least, sitting here amidst the relics of our gallant and patriotic ancestors, let us have no discussion that can mar the glorious scenery and the gentle ideas that spring up in the mind from the recollection of those who sleep in that ancient chapel.

"Happily spared," said the antiquarian, "by being born in earlier ages from feeling the hardness and dryness of the present."

Miss Ashfield had been interested by some words which proved the power of the owner of the castle in the fifteenth century, quoted by the antiquarian from a work in his hand.

"Please to read it again," she said, "there is grandeur indeed in the mode in which that lady visited the city."

He complied by reading from the volume—

"About 1440, the town of Rosslin, being next to Edinburgh and Haddington, in East Lothian, became very populous by the great concourse of all ranks and degrees of visitors that resorted to this prince at his palace of the castle of Rosslin; for he kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver, Lord Dirleton being his master of the household, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleming his carver, in whose absence they had deputies to attend, viz., Stewart Laird of Drumlanrig; Tweedie Laird of Drummelzier; Sandilands Laird of Calder. He had his halls and other apartments adorned with embroidered hangings. He flourished in the reigns of James I. & II. His princess, Elizabeth Douglas, was served by seventy-five gentlewomen, whereof fifty-three were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet and silks, with their chains of

gold, and their ornaments, and was attended by two hundred riding gentlemen in all her journeys; and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were at the foot of the Blackfriars Wynd, eighty lighted torches were carried before her."

When the antiquarian had finished reading the passage, Arnold observed that the ruins yet testified to its truth, as they were extensive and princely, but there seemed nothing to show that a large population had lived anywhere in the neighbourhood. This, the gentleman who had already furnished much information was about to explain, when the party became suddenly aware of the presence of two strangers. The banks, and sloping grounds, and wooded spots around the castle, prevented them being aware of each other's proximity till there was no possibility of turning aside or moving forward. One of them was Colonel Monteith.

The effect of his abrupt appearance was so great on Miss Ashfield that she immediately fainted; and while Henderson hastened to the

stream for a little water, others placed her so that the breeze might assist in restoring her senses. One of the party whispered to Arnold that one of the strangers was Colonel Monteith. They showed no immediate intention of going away, but rather seemed inclined to wait the event of Miss Ashfield's recovery. As soon as she began to revive, Arnold saw the absolute necessity of Colonel Monteith not again appearing in her sight, and accordingly told them that the lady's recovery would be hindered by himself and his friend continuing where they were, on which account he had no doubt they would pass on. They merely smiled; and the Colonel's friend said, Arnold had been guilty of a trespass upon the grounds which he would consider and report to the proprietor. The expression of this person's face was so sinister, and his voice so sharp or shrill and precise, that Arnold had no doubt he was a sycophantish lawyer, whom he might safely disregard, and confine his attention to Colonel Monteith, to whom he stepped up and insisted on his immediate departure.

"Come, McIntosh, we cannot quarrel with such intruders as these."

"The intrusion, sir, is on your part, and if you do not leave immediately, your silly affectation will not save you from chastisement."

They both laughed outright; and Arnold became so exasperated that he was only prevented rushing upon Monteith by the interference of his own friends, and during this temporary diversion his antagonists moved slowly away, so as to show they yielded nothing to fear. But numbers were on Arnold's side, and they felt they did well to withdraw.

Henderson was engaged with the ladies in recovering Miss Ashfield, and paid little attention to the quarrel; and Arnold requested that no notice might be taken of it in her presence. All further idea of pleasure or satisfaction by continuance in the grounds was abandoned, and the party returned to town less gay than they had left it; so frequently do accidents occur to mar human enjoyment, and so often does mourning follow close on the heels of mirth.

Monteith saw enough of Arnold's spirit to prevent him being in any haste to demand satisfaction for the personal threat he had held out; and he relieved himself by instituting some inquiries as to Arnold's character and condition, which he afterwards said were so inferior as to place him beneath his notice. He became by these inquiries aware of Arnold's dangerous position, and his friend, Mr. McIntosh, who was at pains to discover his share in the business of the Convention, said to Colonel Monteith:

"Never mind the disagreeable affair, Colonel. The fellow is too mean for your hands. We must leave him to the care of the judiciary and the hands of Jack Ketch who will elevate him to the height of his merits."

"Well, I protest before heaven," said the Colonel, "I could not have expected for him such an honour; but let us do what we can to enable him to attain it speedily, for I shall never be satisfied until he is punished both for the insult he has offered me, and for his impudence in setting up for a political reformer."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. ARNOLD had now by his residence become almost a citizen of Edinburgh, but yet was continually finding salient points in his comparison of the institutions and manners of the people of the two divisions of our island productive at once of instruction or materials for reflection as well as of amusement; and these his peculiar notions as a Unitarian, which were then quite new in Scotland, as well as his political creed, caused to appear in a more striking light to his judgment.

Mr. Henderson proposed to him a visit to the general assembly of the Church of Scotland, which was about to hold its annual session; and

as he was interested to witness the proceedings of a body so democratical in its constitution, he at once agreed to accompany him. Henderson explained to him that a large proportion of the members were of the laity, and had equal votes and authority with the clerical members, and hence might be supposed to infuse a portion of the popular mind into its character.

Before repairing to the church where the meetings were held, they witnessed the procession of the King's Commissioner, whose presence gave a certain importance and dignity to the Convocation. Arnold had seen the opening of Parliament, and was not, he said, much struck with the state coach, old-fashioned livery-men, dragoons, and foot soldiers who lined the streets, or followed this decayed representation of royalty. He questioned Henderson what were the subjects discussed, and the character and style of oratory of the meeting; but Henderson did not answer, or avoided any particular confession of opinion of his own, because he was desirous nowise to prejudice the mind of a stranger, and was

curious to see the effect that the whole affair produced. He therefore turned the conversation into a discussion on the power which the body possessed in former times, a subject which, like most of his countrymen, he understood.

"You will perhaps remember from your reading," said Henderson; "but though you do, I may remind you that our great civil war dated its rise from the assembly of this church at Glasgow, which continued its meetings, or as we would now say, declared its sittings permanent, notwithstanding a formal dissolution by King Charles' Commissioner. In those times the power of these Assemblies was supreme, and they controlled both King and Parliament; indeed, in the latter little could be proposed that was not first sanctioned in the Assembly. This extraordinary power was attained by the church as the natural result of the mad attempts of the Stuarts, on the one hand, to change the ritual and the forms of Presbytery with which, right or wrong, the people were satisfied, or rather greatly preferred; and the resistance which both the clergy

and people made to this change, on the other; and it is impossible for me, both on reflection, or, if you will, by prepossession, to believe they were wrong. It was a contest on the part of the nation for liberty of conscience, and is thus at all times entitled to respect, although, as usual in human affairs, it ultimately turned into a struggle for power."

"Yes," interposed Arnold, "however much the great promoter of our religion may have declared his kingdom not to be of the world, all are too ready to forget both his precept and example."

"Well," said Henderson, "the business and almost the sole care of these Assemblies, by a sort of necessity, in that contest, was to obtain the entire management of the temporal affairs of their country. And in this they succeeded; as by their constitution the lay members of their body were frequently selected from those who led in Parliament, and these members had their parliamentary tactics laid down by the Assembly, whose will they implicitly obeyed."

"I am not sufficiently versed in Scottish

history to be aware of the precise powers of this ecclesiastical body," said Arnold.

"No," said Henderson, "it was not to be expected you should; but the king was by his own experience and his father's, well acquainted with it. No dignities, nor honours, nor pensions could buy off the leaders in the Assemblies, who at least were generally superior to personal interests in that contest, though renegades were sometimes met with; besides, Presbytery is essentially republican, and those accustomed to equality would not submit to see former equals raised to a superiority of rank, or of wealth, or of power. The king's attempt to introduce episcopacy was just another way of subjecting the church to the throne, and he was firmly opposed. He could not succeed in establishing a similar easy-going contented church, such as then existed in England. And when he failed, the Scotch were not content with victory at home, but resolved to overthrow episcopacy in England. Substantially under its direction that army was raised which so long occupied the northern counties of Eng-

land, enabled the English Parliament to emerge superior from a doubtful contest after years of war, and ultimately delivered the king himself into the hands of his enemies."

"You tell me," said Arnold, "of a body of men that must have wielded immense power, since they commanded both Parliament and people."

"Yes," said Henderson, "and they believed, in consequence of the flattery and promises of Vane and other leaders in the English Parliament, that a similar ecclesiastical power would be established in England, and for a time indeed it was, till these leaders had secured their own objects. The independents, with Cromwell at their head, dissipated the delusion, and restrained the Presbyterians within their own territory."

"But what remains of all this power now?" asked Arnold.

"Why," said Henderson, "you have seen the remains in the street to-day; a few red coats on foot and horseback, a King's Commissioner, with tawdry attendants in the antiquated dress of the

times of which we have been speaking Like other republicans, not excepting even our friends in France, though affecting equality they are delighted with power; nay the church is even pleased with the mere show of power, and though they pretend the King has no authority over the church, which recognises only a heavenly head, they still accept the mummary and pageantry of a commissioner with which the crown does not refuse to gratify them."

"But are they now contented to perform their duties as clergymen, without interfering as formerly in worldly affairs?" said Arnold.

"They are by no means contented, but they cannot help themselves. Since the union of these kingdoms, their temporal power is gone, as they have neither authority nor influence in the British Parliament, hardly one of whose members ever thinks it worth while to be returned as a member of their assembly; and thus they are brought back to their true duties, and through them maintain considerable influence with the general community, though neglected by the aristocracy who

are very frequently episcopalians. There are no fat livings, as in your happy land, to tempt the great into the Scottish Church, for it is, generally speaking, poor. If its spirit has been ambitious it has never been sordid."

"I cannot understand this," said Arnold; "that your church is poor seems to me rather a reproach to the nobility and gentry who do not increase the incomes of the ministers, amongst whom I had hitherto believed there was a great deal of learning."

"Your inference may in some respects be well founded," Henderson replied, "the nobility and gentry seized the lands of the Romish Church, but they took the Presbyterians at their word, who preferred equality above all things. They could only, however, have made a few great by rank or wealth, and left the mass as the working clergy are in England."

"Yes, I see," said Arnold, "as the Presbyterians rejected the rank, the nobles not unfairly concluded they could not be anxious about the wealth of this world, who were daily exhorting

their hearers to lay up treasures in heaven at the expense of their worldly interests."

"As to their literature," said Henderson, "I shall say nothing; it should exist and is not dependent on wealth; but I shall leave it to speak for itself."

This conversation brought them to the church where the sittings were held. The Commissioner, in military dress, sat on what was made something like a throne for the occasion, with officers, pages, and ladies around and behind him.

Arnold, after looking on for some time, said to Henderson, "for any share or indeed any apparent interest the Commissioner takes in the deliberations, a wooden image dressed in scarlet cloth might occupy his place. A Moderator, as you call him, keeps order in a house where equality produces great freedom of language, held in check no doubt by the professional character of many of the members."

A few of the public sat in the galleries, and two or three lawyers in their gowns waited in expectation of some cases being called, in which

they were employed; as the Assembly is a court for reviewing the sentences of the inferior Church Courts throughout the different Presbyteries and synods into which the country is nominally divided.

Henderson and Arnold had not been long in the house when a member rose to address it on the great political topic of the day, the French Revolution, of which he expressed the deepest horror; lamented the spread of revolutionary opinions amongst the lower class of his native country, and moved the Assembly to express its disapprobation of all attempts at altering the existing happy constitution in church and state. Various members followed on the same side, each more inveterate than his brother against the French Republic, and republican opinions generally.

No member, lay or clerical, ventured to say a word in opposition, or to remind the Assembly that they were not met to discuss politics but religious and ecclesiastical questions.

An address was voted to the throne to take all means to oppose republics and revolu-

tionary opinions. But with somewhat more propriety the clerical members were instructed, on returning home, to point out from their pulpits the dangerously infidel doctrines which were held on the other side of the channel.

Arnold listened with impatience, as he said the views of the speakers were slavish and their arguments hollow; but he was greatly amused at a contribution which his friend, Mr. Dobie, made to the information of the assembly, by a disclosure of the dangerous doctrines even in religion, entertained by some members of the Convention in Edinburgh.

His rapid declamation and puerilities were listened to with the greatest attention, and the advisers of government in Scotland, who were members, were secretly pleased with the opinions of the reverend court, and concurred with the satisfaction of paid partisans in its address to the Crown.

"We have heard enough," said Arnold, rising; "these men sit in a republican and equal assembly to propagate the most slavish doctrines,

and are the humble followers of the great, who feed them, though poorly enough; I have not heard even one eloquent sentence since our entry; there is here only servility with adulation of a government that greatly needs reform. Let us hope they represent only themselves, as indeed, I believe, and not the opinions of their countrymen."

Henderson was prepared for a burst of this kind, which to some extent he felt was unfounded, and to which he was about to reply, when parties were called in a case of scandal; namely a Presbytery on the one hand, and the accused, a minister on the other.

The minister stated by his lawyer, a young man afterwards distinguished in the literary world, that being in prison for debt, he could not appear in person, and would submit his case through his counsel; but the venerable court thought a clergyman should not be poor and in prison, and immediately deposed him.

Arnold's heart boiled within him at the injustice of this sentence, and Henderson thought it as well to hurry him away.

"Ah, well!" said he, "let us be gone, for where there is servility displayed by any public body, you are sure to find them seeking relief from it in cruelty and oppression."

"Let us at least learn this lesson," said Henderson, "that we must not expect in all cases independence because there is equality."

"Yes," said Arnold, "I was slow to believe what I am now in some degree compelled to admit, that equality of rank and fortune is no security against temptation, nor against the existence of a slavish and time-serving spirit; but our demands for reform, if successful, would affect no change of rank or condition, but are limited to a just share in choosing representatives in place of those who now nominally represent the public in their own house, but in reality represent only themselves."

"The house we have left," said Henderson, "is another form of the same kind of representation; and your reform, I think, does not extend to it."

"No," said Arnold, smiling, "I shall leave

the people of this country, and yourself among the rest, in the enjoyment of Presbyterianism; but I feel obliged by your attention and information, which must be gained on the spot, as little is known, and less cared for in England, regarding the constitution of your assembly, which seems like the old giant in the Pilgrim's Progress, but a relic of its former strength, power, and importance."

"None of these could survive the peculiar circumstances," said Henderson, "but we need not resume; I am happy to have contributed to your amusement, and the business of the assembly cannot be understood unless personally attended."

CHAPTER XIV.

As an introduction to Colonel Pompywell and his volunteers, the reader must be reminded that the British nation is periodically subject to panics of foreign invasion, during which the people, unless restrained by their rulers, would lift their heads from hard work, forget for a time loom, shop, and forge, assume the red coat and musket, and strut about in a fine frenzy of warlike excitement. But, generally, it is difficult to rouse them; for they are laborious and commercial, and have ceased to cultivate military tastes from having amongst other causes ceased to fight among themselves. The occupations of the counter and the desk enervate the middle

classes: and it would take much training to render them capable of undergoing the hardships and privations of the shortest campaign, which would in the first instance destroy more lives than the sword of an enemy. The thoughts of such men will revert to their proper business when they should be attending to the drill, while age and previous habits render them impatient of discipline.

But the panics alluded to, being common to all, require restraint and controul; and these, when imposed, the sense of the nation speedily recognises, and says, "every man to his trade." Have real soldiers and pay for them is the English system. It is adapted to the wealth, the industry, the habits, the ideas of the people.

The militia system, however, as it brings men of the working class and accustomed to toil, into some acquaintance with arms and military evolutions, is an excellent preparatory school from which to recruit an army in a country such as Prussia, surrounded by neighbours, with whom she may at any moment get into a war, and is

perhaps absolutely necessary to a nation so situated; for thus its whole youth acquire some knowledge of the military art, and can oppose a respectable resistance to foreign invasion. But our country is differently situated. The sea surrounds her; her navy has been triumphant; and while this continues, her people may be relieved of any apprehension from without, and left at full liberty to pursue their peaceful occupations, in which the sinews of war are ultimately found, to pay the enormous military force, well organised and effective, maintained in her foreign possessions. That force must be maintained, and it is safer to add to it so as to make it efficient for any purpose. Britain cannot be strong at the extremities and feeble at the heart, and thus she maintains great strength at home and abroad. Her insular position helps her often to dispense even with a militia, and her large standing army renders a supplement of it at once more economical and more useful.

In fact, not only on such grounds is a standing army better for this country, but it has a

farther use, since it avoids the necessity of arming and accustoming to military exercise men who might become dangerous in times of depression of trade and employment, or of political agitation. Thus the private use of arms is in no shape encouraged among the common people of Britain; on the contrary, it is considered evidence of a workman being but a disorderly and idle man, if he appear with a gun in his hand, so opposed are all our ideas to those entertained in France. The consequence is that our people though naturally courageous and brave, are terrified by the very sight and sound of military weapons about to be employed against them; and it may be truly enough said that two hundred disciplined soldiers could put down tumult and disorder, and maintain peace in any one of the largest cities in Britain.

But a volunteer force was organized in the country at the time of which we are writing, which was neither a Militia, respectable at least, for personal qualities and habits, nor a body of experienced soldiers; but a set of men who had

the maintenance of the existing order of things at heart, and could be safely, on that account at least, trusted with arms, amidst the novelty of political speculation and revolutionary example. They were professional men, or shopkeepers, or clerks, or tradesmen, very loyal and dutiful, and abhorrent of republican opinions; but personally weak, or corpulent, or effeminate, and incapable of enduring hardship or fatigue. Yet they appeared formidable to men who knew not the use of arms, or had none to use. A species of political police they might be called, with the prestige and appearance of British soldiers.

In every town the warlike spirit had been aroused among these classes, with the full concurrence of government; and every unwieldy shopkeeper, or pigmy lawyer, imagined himself a Hector, as he saw his faithful and fat Andromache weeping over the dangers he was about to encounter in defence of his country. The Edinburgh Corps was composed of the same materials as elsewhere, abounding in professional heroes from the bar, the desk, and the counter—the

whole being under the command of Colonel Archibald M'Gregor Pomphewell, who, though a lawyer, had a particular taste for military affairs, and a hatred of republicanism and reform of every kind, which he considered as the avenues to revolution.

He perpetually swaggered about in a long blue top-coat, with sash and sword, and a cocked hat, as if he had been a field marshal, and sometimes he was reviewing his men at six in the morning, at other times by moonlight, to accustom them to be prepared for receiving the French invaders at all hours. At first the novelty of the duty, and the patriotism of the men, and their belief that it was necessary, sustained them under such unwonted exertion; but their Colonel, who was himself indefatigable, and hardly seemed to sleep, much less to attend to any business, began the exercise earlier in the morning and postponed it to a later hour at night; so that unless the volunteers slept through the day, and did the work required at desk and counter by deputy, they could not

comply with these strange hours for exercise. The wags, when they learned the matter, said that it was to prevent the awkwardness of the regiment from being seen, that they appeared like the Ghost in Hamlet, by the glimpses of the moon, or to reduce the corpulent men to moderate dimensions.

Whatever was the motive, the soldiers at last ventured to remonstrate with their Colonel, and met with a pointed rebuff, and an intimation that for one thing, they had not nearly attained the alacrity which would be necessary against an invading army, and that they ought to enquire nothing as to the causes which induced him to call them out at any hour, nor above all, venture to question the judgment of their commander, which was contrary to all military rule, and savoured of a mutinous spirit.

Henderson and Arnold were present at one of the reviews, and were much struck as well as entertained by Pompwell's military air, and his regiment's slow, and free and easy style of

evolution, notwithstanding all the drill to which their Colonel, assisted by competent subordinates, had subjected them. The fat and heavy impeded the light and little, and the corps was of all heights to which man attains. Then, as to their dress, the small hat, the long-tailed coat, the large ruffles, the white waistcoat and tights, and the black gaiters on tall and short men, ranged without distinction of height, made all appear like two flocks of geese and ducks mingled together. The fat men were panting, sweating, blowing, drinking; the little men were dancing forward before the fat men, and the Colonel was now praising and now swearing at all. Henderson and Arnold indulged their laughter under cover, as it would have been exceedingly dangerous openly to show any contempt. They would have been marked down, if much more innocent politically than they really were, as dangerous and dissatisfied or traitorous persons.

While they were looking on, Mr. McKitterick passed, and seeing them, stopped and at once addressed them—

“ Did you ever see anything like this? Call you them soldiers? I never saw such dozens of fat and little fellows in my life; by my faith though, the fat ones will at least wait for the French, for they could not run away, and the dear little ones will never see the French, for the musket’s weight will finish them in a day’s march. I am sure, gentlemen, we need not fear these fellows. I could bring over a hundred Connaught boys, that could knock the muskets out of their hands with their shillelles, or run round about them, before they could change their facing.”

These remarks were addressed to them in so loud a tone of voice as to be perfectly audible to some of the spectators, as they were to Pompwell himself, who happened to stop near the place, while the Irishman turned away from the spectacle, was speaking to his friends. Pompwell, in a perfect rage at the observations, at once beckoned to three of his men to come forward, whom he ordered to seize McKitterick and convey him to prison. As the Irish-

man had no conception that so summary a proceeding would be adopted, which, even in his own country, was not within his experience, he was startled on finding the three men close upon him with fixed bayonets. One of them seized him by the collar, but McKitterick shook him off without difficulty, and as another brought his gun to the charge, with his stick struck it out of the hands of his assailant, proving his Connaught descent. A laugh was raised by the assembled crowd. Pompwell became to the last degree enraged, and commanded the regiment to charge and drive off the crowd, who were decided in throwing obstacles in the way of McKitterick's apprehension, jostling and hindering the volunteers. But the order was executed, and the crowd fled, no longer able to protect him; so that the Connaught boy, who contrived to keep his immediate assailants at bay, was surrounded on all sides. The whole regiment, with Pompwell at their head, and McKitterick enclosed in their ranks, returned to town, and he was committed to prison as a

traitorous and disaffected scoffer, whose language threw contempt on the service, and was calculated to stir up the people to dispute with those in authority. Pompwell took care to have enough of legal form used to screen himself from any troublesome consequences for his high-handed exercise of power.

The singularity of this termination of the review enhanced the enjoyment which Henderson and Arnold had received; and they determined to do something to obtain McKitterick's liberation.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. DOBIE had succeeded in discovering Arnold to be a Unitarian, which was in his eyes as bad as an infidel; and not in his eyes alone, for many others of his friends held a similar opinion. Having circulated his discovery among those who had hitherto admired Mr. Arnold's political views, that gentleman found a sensible diminution of cordiality in the leading members of the Convention; but as he had come down on a special mission, and was astonished at the tameness of the people on the one hand, and the extravagant terrors and arrogant assumptions of the advisers of Government on the other, he persevered in enforcing his views on the necessity

of universal suffrage and shorter parliaments, as the only means of securing the people from being oppressed, ground down, and taxed, as he maintained, for the selfish ends of the dominant and aristocratic class. His language, bold and fearless, was carefully reported; and as it appeared at last to justify a charge of sedition, a warrant was issued for his apprehension. He had imported English ideas with much boldness, and the novelty seemed to take; it was considered proper to begin with him.

The watch which was maintained by the officers, and which had never been intermitted, enabled them to concert means for securing him when he could not offer any resistance. On examination, enough was established, even by his own admission, to justify, in the Sheriff's opinion, his commitment for trial; and a summary warrant was at the same time issued to seize the books and papers of the Convention, and to prevent all meetings in future. It was in vain that Arnold produced the speeches of members of Parliament and of some then in the Government, and ad-

dressed to public meetings in England, going back for fifty years before, in which language was used compared with which his own was moderate.

His mouth was shut by an intimation that none such could be held north of the Tweed, where the laws were different, and he must reserve his eloquence for those who were at leisure and had the inclination to profit by it at home. It had fallen to his lot to appear before new tribunals, and different juries, to come among a people who had never till then taken any interest in mere political questions. He found himself more and more in a condition, by his longer residence, to admit the general truth of an observation he heard made, that the people of Scotland were bold enough in matters which seemed to touch their peculiar views of Church Government, but thoroughly apathetic to political questions, for while they approved generally of his opinions, and the common people treated him personally with respect, there was no public spirit, and a total ignorance at that time of the

use of public meetings and demonstrations against oppression for political opinions.

He would have understood this sooner, if he had lived in some of the smaller towns, and observed the constitution of the bodies which returned the members of parliament. When Henderson procured liberty to visit him, which was only conceded on the ground that he was employed in assisting the defence, he gave him some information which opened his eyes to the extraordinary difficulty in which he was placed, by an attempt to arouse a feeling for political rights in the country which he had been sent to enlighten on such topics.

"I remember," said Henderson, "my native town in the bustle of a contested election. The county of A——, that is, the landed gentry, with two or three lawyers, significantly called paper voters, were about to return one of themselves, to represent the wants and wishes of fifty persons, which was the number then on the roll. They were rarely above it; they were often below it. The members returned on former occa-

sions voted with great fidelity in favour of the ministry for the time; and while they contributed to make all their countrymen find the ways and means to the exchequer, each of the fifty freeholders had, in the course of a few years, some peculiar reason to feel that the merits of the man of their choice were duly considered by those in whose favour his votes were recorded. The inhabitants of the county generally came not to the county town, as they had no more power or voice in the election of the member for their county than in naming a successor to the Papal Chair. It was a matter indifferent to them; and neither master nor servant postponed his usual occupations on the occasion. Even in the county town the inhabitants took no interest in the business of the day, but were content to admire the number of fine carriages, from which they were set down at the principal inn, and, though at a respectful distance, the blue-coated, gilt-buttoned, top-booted, and hair-powdered electors, as they walked to the county rooms to elect the member. The only noise and bustle

that prevailed arose from the crowds of happy children of all classes, dismissed from the school of the burgh for the day, whose attention was divided between the horses, coaches, and lackies, and a penny show, containing various pictures of the glorious battles by land and sea, in which French pride had been humbled. In this election," Henderson continued, "the usual routine was for a moment destined to be disturbed. The member who had sat for one parliament, presented himself to his constituents, the fifty electors, most of whom, being individually well satisfied with favours received, and the expectation of receiving more from the same source, determined to return the old member. An opposing candidate appeared almost at the last hour. There could be no doubt, as indeed was apparent in the usual trial of strength for the choice of a chairman, that the old member would prevail, and he was returned without difficulty; for it was ascertained that his antagonist was opposed to the ministry, and if returned, would obtain no favors from them. I remember the few persons

who were present besides, looked on the whole affair as one in which they were in no shape interested, and these spectators were, in many instances, possessed of considerable property. The same thing, Mr. Arnold, takes place in the elections for towns as for counties, the matter being perhaps there a shade or two worse; because as the town council elects the member, and the old council elects the new, and the number of electors is smaller than in the counties, so low sometimes as fifteen or twenty persons, you may easily see the corruption will be more gross, and that there can be but little political spirit, honesty, or integrity, in Scotland."

"All this may be true," said Arnold, sighing, "but it should be an incentive to greater exertion on the part of all; for besides that the greater the difficulties the more merit there is in success, it is impossible to hear of such a state of things without wishing to have it altered."

"So it is not unreasonable to think," said Henderson; "and I wish that the chances of suc-

cess were greater, but you may as well propose to re-animate the dead, as to infuse ideas of political freedom in the minds of the present generation in Scotland. You and others may drop the seed into the ground, however, which one day may produce a glorious harvest, and though the sower may in his own day seem to die and be forgotten with the ignoble herd, his name and fame may arise and flourish when the fruits of that sowing shall appear waving over his country's soil. If you are contented with such a prospect I do not discourage you; but there is nothing immediate, nothing effectual, nothing successful to be expected at present from the attempt that is now making by you and the other members of the convention."

"I accept the prospect though distant, and its chances though now involved in darkness," said Arnold; "let me be enrolled amongst those ennobled by personal sacrifices for their country,

' Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.'

I may infer that your judges and lawyers are sub-

servient to the government in the same way as these freeholders."

Henderson paused, and was silent for a moment or two; at last he said,

"I am seldom in the courts, and the truth is everything is so involved in that technical jargon in which lawyers love to wrap all subjects which they touch, that there is nothing useful to be learned in them. The court in which you must appear is composed of the same judges as in the civil court under a different name; and if in the latter they are overbearing and impatient, and full of the idea that they are sitting as a favor done to the public, and not as their paid servants, bound to administer the laws, and swelling with their own importance; in the criminal court all these faults appear in an aggravated form, as their sentences there are no liable to review by a higher tribunal."

"Well," said Arnold, "there seems as much necessity for reformation in your courts of law as any where, and it seems to me to follow that the lawyers practising in these courts must be

men of a servile and groveling character, otherwise the judges would long since have been compelled to follow a different line of conduct."

Henderson seemed to assent to the conclusion, at least he did not contradict the inference, and added that the press had never paid any attention to what was done in the courts; and hence and also from their unintelligible jargon and phraseology, the public generally remained very much in the dark about them, while the few who knew anything had no means, in consequence of not being represented in the House of Commons, of making any salutary improvement in the judicial system."

"It does not deserve the name of a judicial system, my friend," said Arnold; "I must endeavour to defend myself; though a stranger in a strange land, ignorant of its laws, and with such judges dictating to juries, how I am to have a fair trial I do not see. Not that I have any fear, whatever be the result; for I rejoice in the part I have taken, and would lay down my life in

the cause to which I have given my energies and my affections."

Henderson recommended him to reconsider the prudence of undertaking, unassisted, his own defence; although said he, "such is the talent you have displayed on many occasions in the Convention, that I cannot doubt you will be found equal to this trial."

"I know not. I fear your estimate is much too friendly, Mr. Henderson; but I will at least speak some plain truths in ears which could never otherwise have heard them, and oblige the Judges to understand that they sit not as law makers but as law interpreters."

At this point of the conversation one of the keepers entered to inform Henderson that it was the hour when visitors by the rules must leave the prison. They shook hands, and in answer to a whisper, Arnold assured Henderson he would take care not to lose his resolution by any injurious effects that might be produced on his health even by a long imprisonment.

Arnold requested his friend to remove his

effects from his lodgings to the prison; and next morning Henderson went to the lodging house for that purpose. He received several trunks almost empty, and on remonstrating with Mrs. McCourt, was told he might go to the Sheriff who took possession of what he pleased, but he had got all that remained. Henderson soon discovered that except books and papers, nothing had been seized by the Sheriff; but to all his remonstrances Mrs. McCourt only answered that Mr. Arnold left nothing more in her house.

“He may have other lodgings for any thing I ken, and that is like eneuch, seeing him whar he is; sae just gae wa, sir, for I hae nae time to trouble mysel farther.”

Henderson was enraged at the impudence of the fraud, but one or two of the landlady's male friends appeared at this stage, and as there seemed no chance of obtaining the effects without Arnold's presence, besides the risk of quarrel at the moment with a dangerous person, he gave up the enquiry; nor did Arnold think more was possible in the circumstances in which Henderson and himself were placed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE success which attended Mr. Frankover in purchasing the remainder of Mr. Oliphant's family estate, and in smoothing down by respectful attention or well applied flattery the prejudices that arose in the breasts of those moving in the sphere to which he now aspired, appeared to open the way to a project, suggested by his increasing fortune, an alliance with one of the aristocratic families of his native district. This he perceived would be a more effectual introduction than either fortune, or talents, or worth, to a man so humbly born as himself, and only tolerated for the services his professional knowledge and ability enabled him to render.

He was the manager and adviser of Sir John Maldon of Maldon, who had a large estate considerably burdened, as is too general, with debts contracted by former proprietors for provisions for their families. Sir John was married early, and was now advanced somewhat beyond middle life, but still vigorous. Lady Maldon was younger, and they had besides their son and heir two daughters who could expect little fortune, and had, as usual, a high idea of their own rank.

Mr. Frankover, in pursuance of his design, began by paying attention to the elder daughter. Miss Maldon was at first grievously offended at his presumption; but the prudent hints of her mother, who looked on the Morden estate and its successful proprietor, as a balance to all objections, and lost no opportunity of pressing the advantages of the match, appeared gradually to have some effect in removing her daughter's scruples, although the slightest accident might have sufficed to determine the lady to decline receiving such a suitor.

Frankover perceived and understood his position. He had found his abilities adequate to surmount all difficulties while struggling with his fellow-men in the business of life; but it was a new and arduous task to gain the affections of a lady so much above him in rank as Miss Maldon. Fortune alone he knew was not enough, though it would do much by influencing a father and mother, who would estimate it at its worldly value. It was, therefore, he perceived, in some degree to be kept in reserve, and he must trust to any other means of success, which his observation of the lady's character and his own ability should furnish in the more frequent opportunities which Lady Maldon's partiality would afford him. Sir John had more scruples than his lady.

"No compulsion," he said to Frankover, "will be used. You have our wishes for your success, and our support, so far as advice may be useful, but you must succeed with my daughter herself."

"I understand you, Sir John," Frankover re-

plied, "and though the attempt may be difficult, I will not decline it, nor despair of success, without at least a trial, so long as I may not seem to be entirely rejected."

Sir John acquiesced in the perfect fairness of the proposal, and his lady said she was satisfied, but resolved to allow every opportunity in her power, without offending their daughter, for Mr. Frankover advancing his suit.

Some days after this conversation, she proposed an excursion to the ancient family seat of D—. Besides her own family, several of the neighbouring gentry, including Mr. Marks of Markhill, and Mr. Ostertoun and his lady, would be present. Mr. Frankover was invited by a note from Lady Maldon; and as it was the first occasion since his purchase of Mr. Oliphant's mansion, that he had been privileged to join so aristocratic a party of pleasure, he had much deliberation, whether to continue his old character of a dependent, or attempt a higher; and at length decided on the latter and bolder view of his situation; and drove to Sir John's house in

a new carriage and pair, in their appearance equally elegant and simple.

Sir John Maldon was pleased to express his approbation of Mr. Frankover's equipage, not a little to the satisfaction of the owner, who was still further gratified when Lady Maldon proposed that she and Sir John should use it, to enable the rest of the family to enjoy with comfort the pleasure of the day.

After a drive of some miles through a well-cultivated country, the party reached the cross-road that led to the ancient family residence of D——, which had long ceased to receive much attention from successive proprietors, now removed to a new and more modern seat. But the charms of nature under a brilliant sun and sky cannot be much affected by man's neglect, and these were sufficient to satisfy any one who had a soul alive to their beauties. The extensive grounds, now green and spangled with early flowers; the fruit trees, which were in full bloom, and planted with a liberal hand throughout, produced the appearance of an immense garden,

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had been the parlour of the old family. There he had secretly provided a very handsome collation, by directions some days before, without suspicion of any one, and servants were in attendance. Every thing was simple, elegant, complete; and as the gentlemen were beginning to feel *ennui* and fatigue, the surprise was agreeable; and to none more than to the ladies, as it relieved them from straining after entertainment, or producing any little stores for the occasion. He enjoyed their thanks.

"We are so much obliged to your kind consideration, Mr. Frankover," said Lady Maldon.

"To be sure," said Mr. Marks, "your ladyship's remark is most just."

"It is, by the Lord," said Ostertoun, "it exceeds an Indian tiffin."

When the repast was ended, Lady Maldon said:

"You are well acquainted, I think, Mr. Frankover, with the story of the late Lord D——, the predecessor of the present owner of the estate."

Frankover bowed in assent.

"I wish you would tell it. Sir John is distantly related to the family, and to us it is no secret; but my girls and Mr. Marks and Mr. Ostertoun have not heard it."

Sir John said it was too sad for the occasion; but Miss Maldon expressed a desire to know a history she had only heard by fragments, and Mr. Frankover agreed to gratify them so far as in his power. He was, indeed, well qualified to give the tale, as besides his means of knowing the family history, his voice, eye, and manner and eloquence were such that they produced a feeling in his favor with almost every one whom he was *anxious* to gain, and had contributed not a little to his signal success. These he was conscious would be brought more immediately under the notice of Miss Maldon, and as the party seemed disposed to listen, Mr. Frankover proceeded with the tale.

"Lord D., the former owner of this estate, called on his solicitor in Edinburgh, to learn the particulars of the fortune of Miss Stewart of B.,

for whom the same gentleman managed at that time. He satisfied him, and concluded his information thus :

“ ‘ She is an heiress, my Lord, of eight thousand a-year—all from land ; none of your mines, coal-pits, or old houses,—and worthy of your attention.’ ”

“ So, too, thought his lordship, and inquired where the lady then was.

“ ‘ Oh, she is in town at present, as we now are. But your lordship will find a formidable rival in Captain Hay, who is here recovering from a wound received at Culloden.’ ”

“ ‘ I know but little of him,’ said his lordship, ‘ a small laird, I think, in my neighbourhood?’ ”

“ ‘ Yes,’ said the agent, ‘ but a gallant officer, whose bravery in the field where he was wounded attracted the notice of the Duke. He is sure to rise in the army, and though not perhaps the lady’s equal at present, he has every chance of soon being so.’ ”

“ Mentally Lord D. arrived at the same con-

clusion; and as his mother, the dowager Lady D., had first suggested to him Miss Stewart as a wife, he returned to her and reported what had passed in this conversation. She was pleased, and soon found means to engage Miss Stewart's mother in her views, and indeed that lady only required a hint from a person of the rank and influence of Lady D. to approve of the match. But how Captain Hay was to be got quit of did not appear so easy, favoured as he was by Miss Stewart herself. Her mother did not despond on that account, but resolved to promote Lady D.'s views, concluding that, as sometimes happens, the wealthier and more noble suitor would in the end win, unless there was an objection to person or manners. I have heard myself several who had seen Miss Stewart say, that amongst even beautiful women, she could be distinguished, and her conversation was lively and delightful.

"Lord D. did not know Captain Hay, but soon found means to procure an invitation to dine with the officers of his regiment, then quartered in the town. Hay was sufficiently reco-

vered to join the party ; and his lordship at once discovered he had to do with a most dangerous rival. In the bloom of youth, though somewhat languid from the effects of his wound, with a frank and open bearing, a tall and handsome person, his whole bearing gave assurance that all he said would be consistent with probity and honour. Confidence, as I have heard said, was produced by the very tones of his voice. Lord D., though a handsome man, was of a dark and somewhat sallow complexion ; his manners reserved and haughty, as one who thought he had but to ask in order to obtain.

“ He made no advance towards any particular acquaintance with Captain Hay, which his rank would have authorised ; and a conversation having arisen about some family residence in their county, his lordship spoke on the subject as if he alone of all present was qualified to inform. Captain Hay happened to doubt the accuracy of his lordship’s information regarding its antiquity, to which he coldly replied that his estates were in the immediate neighbourhood, and the

place too well known to him to admit of mistake.

“ ‘I have a small estate in that neighbourhood, too,’ said Hay, ‘and have been often at that house, and unless my memory deceive me it was the residence of a once powerful family.’

“ ‘Powerful, perhaps, in your estimation, sir, nevertheless a family of no great account. It was, however, known in the county,’ Lord D. added, after a pause.

“ The eyes of his brother officers were turned on Hay, for the remark was too broad an imputation of insignificance to escape remark. He slightly coloured, yet merely said that different views might very well be entertained in the matter, but that the family had been there while others now better known were less known. This innuendo was not understood by most of those present, but perfectly well by Lord D., for his ancestors had acquired much of their rank and fortune by sailing with whatever political party had been uppermost in Scotland for the time.

“ ‘Well,’ said a young gentleman, ‘there is a

lady in that quarter who can make small estates great—a more attractive object than either old families or old houses. Your lordship has the honour of Miss Stewart's acquaintance?’

“It was an awkward question, for he did not wish to acknowledge in presence of his rival that he did not know the lady.

“‘Yes,’ at length said Lord D——, ‘I know where her estate lies.’

“A laugh followed so loud and hearty that his pride was abashed at once, and excuses only added to his confusion.

“‘Well, my Lord, Hay, happy fellow that he is,’ said Captain Lumley, ‘is acquainted with the lady and her estate, and as the Highland man's slash is closing up, we may hear more of his acquaintance in good time.’

“‘Enough, gentlemen,’ said the Colonel, ‘on this subject. That lady shall not longer be talked of here.’

“Lord D—— said that he thought the introduction of her name was unfortunate, but

he was certain it could not suffer, and there was not much chance of any of the gentlemen present obtaining her regard. Hay was again flushed, and began to feel he had a rival.

“ ‘Well,’ said Lumley, ‘I beg to differ from your lordship, even though you were yourself a competitor.’

“ His lordship turned towards the speaker, but before he had time to reply, the conversation was interrupted by the Colonel, and the party broke up.

“ Hay, on returning home, found a note from his mistress, acquainting him with the call of Lord D.’s mother, but assuring him of her constancy, though now to be hurried into the country. He was almost distracted, and at first deliberated if he should not challenge Lord D., though himself still an invalid. He immediately replied to the note, declaring his confidence and unalterable love; intimating his suspicions of Lord D., but declaring he did not fear him.

“As it was seen by Lady D. and Miss Stewart’s mother, that her continued residence in Edin-

burgh, where Captain Hay was, afforded him too many facilities, a plausible excuse was soon made for leaving it and returning home, where, in reality, Lord D. could take advantage of his absence to press his suit; for which purpose he soon followed, and used every opportunity which Hay's necessary detention allowed, to recommend himself to the lady; in which, being well seconded, he began to indulge some hope of ultimate success.

“He observed that Miss Stewart's waiting-maid frequently carried letters to the post office at A., and by his influence with the postmaster, discovered that a correspondence existed between the absent. One underhand, improper, and guilty act, united to jealousy and hatred, pushed him, as usual, still deeper into the same disgraceful fraud. The postmaster owed his situation to Lord D.'s family; and though he trembled for himself, yet an assurance of protection and a handsome bribe induced him to bring one of Hay's letters to his lordship, while to the last he besought him even with tears

not to lead him into further danger. But Lord D., alive only to the suggestions of hate and jealousy, ventured to open the letter, and discovered both that Hay had entirely secured the affections of Miss Stewart, and that having received the promise of immediate further promotion in the army, he meant to come into the country without delay. And indeed in a few days Captain Lumley arrived at Hay's house, who was to follow him as soon as the necessary business connected with his promotion was completed.

"Lord D. knew the time that Captain Hay was expected by the letter which he had intercepted, and on the evening of that day an assembly would be held in the Town of A., at which most of the families of rank in the neighbourhood would be present, including his rival and Miss Stewart.

"Lord D. now despaired of success so long as his rival existed, and listening only to the suggestions of jealousy, he prepared to waylay him as he crossed into our county at the bridge of Overshaw, which is a few miles above A. He dressed himself as a fisherman and went down to

the shore, which is little more than a mile from this house, with his gun in his hand. A small pinnace lay there in which he occasionally sailed for recreation. The tide was rising and set her afloat where she sat in a little creek secured by a rope attached to a post on the beach. He loosed it, laid down his gun in the bow, and paddled her up against the flowing tide near to the point where he designed to cross, and then watched for the coach he expected soon to see turning the angle at the end of the bay, which we see in the distance before us. Soon he saw its lamp, as it came on, sometimes disappearing, but reappearing at every opening among the trees, and having to run down three miles at least before reaching the bridge. He rowed over at once and was carried by the tide up to what was a convenient spot on the opposite side, where he fastened the boat, and went through a field to fall into the road crossing from the main highway to the bridge, and there took his station, under cover of some trees and a hedge which lined the few yards of the road.

The waters of the rising tide could be heard swiftly rushing along as the night was calm, a fine, starlight night, about eleven. The inhabitants of the few, distant, and widely scattered farm houses were gone to rest after their daily toil. The toll-gatherer at the bridge seemed to expect there would be no duty to collect farther that night, and had apparently gone to bed.

“In a short time, which seemed one of terrible suspense, the coach stopped near the cross road. Its wheels were silent, and for a minute voices were heard while the guard put down the luggage of a passenger, then leaving the coach. That done the coach continued its course away up the glen, and Captain Hay, who had been often put down at the same spot, proceeded towards the bridge, after crossing which he must walk a mile to the nearest town for a conveyance to A. Scarcely a breath of wind whispered through the trees, so that everything was heard, but the darkness caused by the hedge rendered it difficult for Lord D. to be certain of his man, till an

opening near a gate disclosed distinctly the person of his rival, erect and tall, his military cloak thrown carelessly round his person, and his gold-laced cap on his head, as he stepped down to the bridge, and in another minute he was safe at the toll-gatherer's house, when Lord D., lifting the gun steadily to his shoulder, fired. The shot was fatal, as Hay fell and died on the spot. Gliding cautiously and with trembling steps along the hedge, the assassin threw his gun into the waters of the dark, deep tide, whence it could not be brought to bear evidence against him, then sprung into the boat and rowed across again, while he thought the distance double, either the flow of the waters had been so rapid or his fears were so intense. He landed a little higher up than he anticipated, such was the current, and left the boat to be carried away, thinking of nothing but how he could reach his own house undiscovered.

“At a pace that was at times nearly a run, he proceeded along the road; he had passed only one person as yet, a servant returning home from

a distant market, who, however, remarked his hurried gait, which seemed strange for a fisherman, and also the direction which he took, without recognising him, though he passed close. The manner and form of the man attracted the servant's attention, as he dashed on, and was immediately shrouded from his view in darkness.

“He soon reached his own grounds and got over the wall of his garden, stealing through the bushes to avoid observation of any of the domestics, and entering by a private door gained his own chamber unperceived. He changed his soiled garments for a gay ball attire; and then the question first occurred to him, what was to be done with those which he had just put off. To hide them was his first thought, but they might be found; to disperse them in different places, they might be collected; to bury the shoes, they might be dug up; to leave them till to-morrow, it might be too late. He staggered to a chair, sat down and leant his head on his hand.

“A knock at his chamber door startled him

into such agitation as he had never before experienced, and he hastily ran to prevent any one entering.

“Lady D. long since ready for the assembly that evening at A., and now much too late, came herself for him, and said,

“ ‘ All is ready, my dear son, we only wait for you.’

“ ‘ Yes, yes, mother, I shall be down presently, do let me entreat you to delay a little.’

“ She complied. Again the soiled and ugly heap of dress met his view.

“ ‘ Ah! I have it at last, I shall burn part of them, and drop the rest into the pond; but time and opportunity are again necessary.’

“ He immediately descended to the hall where his mother was waiting, and assured her he should follow in another carriage, and she was satisfied and departed.

“ Thus he obtained the time necessary; throwing a cloak over his dress he ran down to the pond, where he rolled the fisher’s coat round a large stone and dropped it in the water, and

threw the heavy shoes he had worn at the bridge after it. One of the domestics crossed his way in returning, whom he ordered to get a conveyance ready immediately to follow Lady D. While this was done he tore the soiled trowsers into parts to be more easily burned, and put them on the fire, which soon reduced them to ashes; but the smell of the burned dress was escaping from the room over the whole house, and created an alarm of fire. He ordered the domestics away, saying he had only thrown some rubbish in the grate.

“Two hours afterwards he entered the ball-room.

“Not once did he venture to look at Miss Stewart, but paid great and constrained attention to a lady whose charms might be brought into comparison with her. At length Captain Lumley, the brother officer of Hay, remarked in the hearing of Lord D.,

“‘’Tis strange what detains Hay; he should have been here an hour since.’

“And though the words were not addressed to

Lord D. he was alarmed, his color changed, and he was glad to relieve himself from the danger of observation by entering into conversation with his next neighbour. But he was met with a question which scarcely his nerves, strong as they were, could sustain.

“ ‘Bless me, Lord D! where have you been? Your shoes did not gather that clay in this room!’

“ ‘Oh!’ he answered, ‘now I remember, on stepping from my own door to the coach, I placed my foot accidentally in a puddle; I must have it off,’ and he ran to an adjoining room, swallowed a glass of brandy, and had the traces of dirt wiped away from his shoes.

“ ‘There was one who waited for Hay more anxiously than all, and as the night passed away her heart sank, and scarcely could she persevere in maintaining an appearance of calmness.

“ ‘I will send,’ at last said Lumley, ‘to the place where he would leave the coach to make some enquiry, but ’tis certain some good reason has detained him. There is yet time.’

“‘There will not be time,’ said Lord D. carelessly, for he had again returned to the room.

“‘Time or not time before this meeting closes, we shall at least learn by to-morrow morning; I shall dispatch my servant, Tom Evans,’ and he immediately left the room to put his design in execution.

“Lord D. now drew nearer Miss Stewart, and watched with secret satisfaction the grief which she could not conceal. His mother, too, whose vanity had been wounded by that lady’s preference of another over her son, saw with complacent and malicious delight the effect which had been produced on her pale countenance and agitated frame.

“‘D.’ she said addressing her son, ‘can’t you ask Miss Stewart to dance?’

“The suggestion pleased him; he advanced and was, as he expected, refused. The lady had resolved to dance no more that night, and shortly afterwards retired to conceal an agitation which had become insupportable.

“Lord D. continued, and his gaiety and spirit seemed to rise as the assembly came to a close. Some remarked it, but as he was seen to retire once or twice to the refreshment-room with several friends, they charitably set down his conduct as occasioned by the wine he had drank.

“‘Well, Lumley,’ said he, as he passed him accidentally, ‘what news of Hay; I fear he has deserted his mistress? Is your messenger returned?’

“Lumley, not in the humour for having jokes thus made on his friend, replied that his lordship would take no more by desertion than he had by his recent request to the lady who had just left.

“‘Ah! indeed,’ said Lord D., ‘perhaps then you contemplate succeeding the deserter.’

“‘I contemplate only the honour of my friend, and it shall be safe with me in his absence.’

“‘There is no one injuring it, but a harmless joke need not rouse your choler, Captain Lumley.’

“‘Your Lordship’s jest is but a poor one, and from you it had better been spared.’

“‘I am not, I believe, answerable to Captain Lumley for either my words or actions.’

“‘You are not generally; but you will be answerable to me for what is said or done to my friend.’

“The conversation had now reached that point that several friends interfered, and endeavoured to reconcile the parties. Lumley seemed easily satisfied, but Lord D. persisted in continuing the conversation, and endeavouring to precipitate a quarrel, till those who wished to avoid taking part with either were glad to get away.

“Lumley,’ at last said Lord D., ‘you will hear from me to-morrow morning.’

“‘I shall be ready to receive your messenger, bring he peace or war. This quarrel is of your own seeking, but I will not decline it.’

“No entreaties or remonstrances of friends on both sides could reconcile them. Lady D. knew nothing of the dispute, and her son hurried her away before it could be told her.

“The servant of Captain Lumley on horse-back soon reached the bridge at Overshaw, but it was long before he could rouse any one, and even when he gained admittance at the toll-house, and enquired if Captain Hay or any one had arrived by the coach, he received little satisfaction.

“‘I was in bed when the coach passed, but no one knocked at my door.’

“The servant said he might have stopped at the last stage, and added ‘I’ll ride over to make sure.’ So saying, he led his horse up the dark road from the bridge to the public highway, but after a few steps stumbled over the body as it lay stiffening on the ground. At first he thought some drunken fellow had sunk down and fallen asleep, but in stooping to examine, he perceived to his horror it was Hay’s body lying in a pool of blood. His cries soon brought others, who were persuaded he had been robbed and murdered, till the luggage was found, which had been put down from the coach. The body was carried to the house, and the servant returned with the melancholy news.

“Meantime Lord D. was returning home, with feelings excited to the highest pitch, distracted with so many troubles at once accumulating on his hands, and scarcely could make a reply to his mother’s talk. She was pleased with the apparent neglect of Hay, and the grief of Miss Stewart, and did not fail to express it, believing her son’s silence was occasioned by disappointment, with which she sympathised—a high and imperious dame; you may perhaps have heard of her, Sir John?”

Sir John slightly motioned in assent.

“One of whom all stood in awe; keeping up, as she did to the last, the stately manners of her rank, and exacting the obsequious service known in her youth, though old-fashioned and ridiculed, and correcting with severity the least familiarity of address; a relic of the grandees of the country when there was a Court and a Parliament in Scotland.

“Lord D. had now a quarrel to settle as well as a discovery to expect before mid-day. For long he paced his room, at one time revolving

every circumstance which he could conceive might be turned into a suspicion against himself, and at another how he was to dispose of the quarrel. At length it appeared to him the latter affair would help to distract attention, and as it must at any rate be settled by a meeting, he despatched a few lines early in the morning to a friend at no great distance, requesting his assistance. This was readily granted by Mr. Cathcart, who had been in the army himself, and did not object to be the second of a young nobleman of Lord D.'s character and pretensions. He rode over to the town with the view of arranging an hour and place of meeting with any friend Captain Lumley should name on his side.

“There the extraordinary news of Captain Hay's murder was communicated to him, and he found, on arriving at the D— — Arms, that Captain Lumley, with the authorities, had gone down to the Bridge at Overshaw to make an investigation. He waited in town for some hours, but despatched a note to Lord D., communicating what had taken place.

"As soon as Captain Lumley saw the body of his friend he burst into tears, for they had been long most attached, and gone through much duty and danger together, though still young men. It was soon concluded that robbery had not been the object of the assassin; and as for suicide, that idea was excluded by the absence of any weapon and the direction which the ball had taken; the surgeon who attended, at once declaring his opinion that the shot must have been fired by another. No suspicion, after examination, appeared to rest on the toll-gatherer or his son. They had seen no one in the neighbourhood who could be suspected, and had not even heard the report of the gun. In vain was inquiry made at some of the distant houses on that solitary shore, some of whose inmates came to the scene, and curious people also from the neighbouring village. The guard and driver of the mail were brought to the spot after some hours, but they could merely say that Captain Hay had been set down perfectly well at the usual hour the evening before.

"Lumley had ordered a conveyance to be

brought to receive the body. The toll-gatherer's son was leaning on the bridge and observed that Lord D.'s barge had drifted from its place, 'and yet,' he added, 'the oar is in the stern, and some one must have been on board of her.'

"The remark struck Lumley, who was near, and connecting it with the owner, and his known rivalry of, and hostility to, his unfortunate friend, a suspicion arose in his mind that he might have been in some way connected with the murder. He went down to the beach, examined the boat, and found the oar left as if it had been used by one person rowing in the stern, but without anything to enable him to detect who had been in her. Enough, however, had been suggested to Lumley; and when Mr. Cathcart delivered his message, a meeting was declined till some circumstances connected with Captain Hay's death were cleared up, the nature of which Lumley declined to enter on at that time, notwithstanding Mr. Cathcart's urgency.

As soon as Captain Lumley thought his suspicions had some foundation he communicated

them to the proper quarter and an investigation commenced.

“ Lord D. affected to treat it with contempt. The countryman who saw him pass that night was examined, but suspected nothing. Servants recollected the smell of burning, and the late hour of D.’s leaving for A., and a gun was missed. But the whole inquiry proved abortive, or was unskilfully gone about, which men were not unwilling should happen with one so high in rank.

“ Miss Stewart never recovered the shock, and died at an early age. Lord D. himself, ever afterwards shunned society, and lived in complete seclusion. As he returned one evening from his usual walk, he observed two men examining some article of dress drawn from the water we see before us. He guessed what it was, turned pale, and rushed into the house. The men were still standing at the same place, when a domestic desired them to come into the house; for by this time Lord D. recognised one of them as the man who had been examined, and

though he knew him not, had seen him pass on the night of the murder. He ordered them to be well entertained till their attention was withdrawn from the discovery, and all trace of it was speedily removed. If one of them suspected anything, he had substantial reasons for keeping silence.

“Lord D. soon after sank in health so much that his death was for sometime expected; and it was said expressions escaped him which might have produced renewed enquiry into the mystery; but old domestics had left, and new ones had no knowledge of the circumstances, or but little; and his death at last prevented all occasion to disturb the peace further, or injure the reputation of his powerful family.

“I read the papers, as they were stowed away among other old records, to which I had access in the outset of my profession. They were marked, ‘Private, Lord D.’s affair,’ and thought to be safe from general perusal, but I succeeded in getting at them, and they suggested my first attempt to lay this point and that together. I

counted the time, measured the distance from the boat, tried the old dotard who fished up the dress from the pond; I made it my business to investigate everything; and, thought, but it was well he was gone, I could have produced a case."

There was something too professional in Frankover's conclusion that sounded harshly in the ears of Mr. Marks and Miss Maldon.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu;*

and vanity, to which failing skill in every trade and profession is liable, will have its way, regardless of other feelings, till it stumbles against them, is confused and thrown down, and then limps off under a consciousness of vulgarity.

"You would not, Mr. Frankover," said Miss Maldon, "have troubled the dying man by renewing that dreadful subject?"

He was pleased with the question and questioner, and hastened to say he would not, and to remove the feelings referred to, by adding that the opportunity of that early time and the family history, with which he was perfectly conversant,

enabled him to supply some facts which must be unknown even to Sir John Maldon.

That tragedy in a noble house generally known to the Maldons, gave Frankover the opportunity which he could hardly have expected of showing his really superior talents.

"The common people," he concluded, "who are prone to believe in the supernatural, will insist that this old house is haunted by a spirit; and every now and then strange tales are told of noises heard in it as the evening comes on, heavy feet on the stairs, lights in the windows, or above the water at dead of night."

The ladies looked round as if they, too, expected to hear or see something strange now that the time was drawing on. Mr. Marks said that ancient race seemed to have fallen under a judgment, from the present deserted condition of their house; which Sir John said was fanciful, as they might be convinced by a visit to the new and beautiful seat of the family in another part of their great estates.

Miss Maldon, who had been deeply interested

by the fate of Miss Stewart, at last thought of enquiring how the dispute ended betwixt Lord D. and Captain Lumley.

“It was persisted in by Lord D.; but Lumley referred the affair to the officers of his and Hay’s regiment, who decided that he might decline a meeting with perfect honour.”

All the party were not interested like Miss Maldon in the tale. Mr. Marks yawned once or twice during its progress, and at last said it was too melancholy; and Mr. Ostertoun was of opinion an account of one campaign of Clive in India was worth a hundred such half-forgotten histories.

The evening had begun to come round when the party returned home, generally gratified, but especially Mr. Frankover, with the excursion. His attention and foresight for the comfort of his friends met with their reward in the surprise occasioned by an entertainment got up as if in a wilderness, and the thanks heartily tendered to him by all.

CHAPTER XVII.

As not unusually happens, Mr. Frankover found himself interested in pursuing his object beyond the occasion which first suggested to him to pay attention to Miss Maldon. A desire merely to connect himself with an aristocratic family had been his first motive; now there was super-added the desire of success, if it could be produced by his own merits alone. That his fortune secured him the favour of her parents he was well aware; but he was also sensible that merely mercenary considerations would not influence the lady in her resolution, and he determined that he should not, at least with her, bring them prominently forward, but trust to his address and

the opportunities that might occur to win her heart.

Miss Waldie was well acquainted with Sir John Maldon's family, and felt enough of interest in the young lady to think it necessary to warn her in some way against Mr. Frankover. She was, however, ignorant of the effect he had produced personally, and supposed that his fortune alone, influencing the parents, had given some countenance to the current talk of the match in the neighbourhood, and which thus had reached her ears. She resolved to pay Miss Maldon a visit, and sent a note to that effect, without mentioning her object, and called a few days after the excursion to D.

But Mr. Frankover accidentally learned from Sir John Maldon the unusual circumstance of Miss Waldie's promised visit; for as that lady, since her brother's death, was known to be very rich, and had hitherto maintained a calm indifference to the notice of mere rank, her conduct was any thing but disagreeable to Sir John's family, who were willing it should be known.

Frankover learned her object, and took care, by throwing out a hint of his wishes, to procure an invitation, so that Miss Waldie, on her arrival, to her great surprise, encountered the very man she would have been most anxious to avoid.

Frankover paid so much attention to her that she could find no opportunity of a private conversation with Miss Maldon; and such was the ease of manner, and charm of conversation, politeness and address, which he could assume, that even Miss Waldie was compelled to admit that if she had not known the man she should have been deceived, and obliged to relinquish her intention, which, for that evening at least, was postponed; and Mr. Frankover thus made still further progress even in Miss Waldie's own presence; a consequence that arises in other affairs very frequently, if they are under the management of a dexterous, skilful, and unscrupulous man.

He was now as much interested in this pursuit as he had ever previously been in the struggle for fortune, and as determined to succeed. While therefore on the one hand, he took

care to make Sir John Maldon acquainted with his wealth and the handsome provision he would make, he on the other, strictly avoided all allusion to estate or fortune when his daughter was present. Such particulars, however, were soon in Lady Maldon's possession, to whom they were so many inducements to promote the match.

It was Mr. Frankover's interest, and he did not neglect to continue so long on the evening in question, that Miss Waldie was persuaded he designed to sit her out, and as she had no excuse for remaining to a late hour she departed.

"Now," thought Frankover, "is the time, either for success or failure; for if I delay, this troublesome woman will attempt in some way to injure or counteract me."

After Miss Waldie was a short time gone, and an opportunity for a few moments occurred, Mr. Frankover with hesitation of voice and manner which he did not assume—he really felt them—expressed his love, and asked to be allowed to hope that in time at least, she might come to regard so humble a man favorably.

"Mr. Frankover," the lady answered, "I am well aware that you are encouraged to make this declaration by my father's partiality, but I can give no immediate answer."

"You will find me, Miss Maldon, if I deserve your notice, whatever strangers may say of me, to you at least most true and devoted. It will be the business of my life to promote your happiness. I shall indeed be ready to forego all my previous pursuits for this one; let me then, where I throw so much away, at least secure the prize for which I am contending; and come what may, you will not have occasion to regret you trusted to one who was ungrateful."

Miss Maldon was most anxious that some interruption should have occurred, but was unable to find at the moment a plausible excuse, and the really handsome countenance and speaking eye of the suitor, and also his fine and sweet-toned voice, pleaded for him so well, that she, to be relieved of farther embarrassment referred him to her father.

Her mother watched the progress of the con-

versation from a distance, and divined from Mr. Frankover's countenance he was not unsuccessful. Sir John invited him to stay supper, and after the ladies had retired was told by Mr. Frankover that he had received sufficient encouragement to give him a distant expectation that he might one day become his son-in-law.

The baronet was well pleased, or rather rejoiced at the communication, and would have plied the bottle in anticipation of the event; but Mr. Frankover was habitually moderate, cared little for the pleasures of the table, would not obscure his intellect with the fumes of wine, and after a little friendly expostulation which he easily parried, was allowed to follow his usual habits, and to return home.

Next morning Miss Maldon received a note from Miss Waldie requesting a call, as she wished to speak with her on a very private affair. That such a communication would be attempted Frankover suspected, as soon as he returned home and reflected on the events of the evening; and a note was dispatched by him early next

day to Sir John Maldon, telling him that he believed Miss Waldie's enmity would injure him with Miss Maldon, and entreating him to prevent this if in his power.

When, therefore, Miss Maldon proposed to visit Miss Waldie, her father opposed it on one pretence or another, for several days, during which Frankover took care it should reach Miss Waldie that he was an accepted lover, and that any design to affect him in Miss Maldon's estimation might be omitted as vain in itself, besides being disagreeable to her.

Some short time afterwards, Miss Maldon did pay the visit, but she found what Miss Waldie had to say was not important; for that lady believed the affair had gone too far to be interrupted or delayed by anything she could say against it.

She still expected that Mr. Charles Oliphant would yet return to the home of his ancestors; but as she could give no reasons for the expectation beyond her own fanciful desire, she was

wise enough not to press it on those to whom it must be disagreeable.

The marriage of Miss Maldon with Mr. Frankover was shortly afterwards celebrated. Their reception by the chief families around, several of which were connected with the Maldons, was enough to satisfy even Mr. Frankover's ambition, and was so much due to or rather commanded by Mrs. Frankover, that it was accorded with pleasure even by those who were most likely to question her husband's former obscurity.

He had been indeed fortunate, independent of her rank, as her goodness of heart and solicitude for his fortune and happiness would of themselves have been enough to satisfy most men. He was fully sensible of his good fortune, which for a short period after this continued at the highest point to which it attained.

The dangers which Frankover apprehended from Charles Oliphant at times appeared so distant and improbable that he might have been justified in disregarding them; but when he discovered, as he soon did, that Mr. Princeton was

paying attention to him, he was filled with much more alarm than had been occasioned by the knowledge of Mr. Elphinstone's protection, while the affair which occurred at the inn had made himself an object of suspicion.

He therefore never intermitted his enquiries into the pursuits and opinions of Mr. Princeton, and the results appeared so satisfactory that they left him little room to doubt, if used with skill, that they could effectually stop that gentleman in any attempt he might make to re-open the legal questions that had been determined against the late Mr. Oliphant.

Frankover's mind was of that penetrating and decisive cast that he could pursue any design from its origin to its probable effects with uncommon facility. What most men only acquire by habitual practice in some profession, and which fails them the moment they escape from the circle in which they have moved, Frankover was able to apply to all circumstances and situations. Equally qualified to excel in the arguments of a court of law, or in the intrigues of a political

party, he needed no apprenticeship, but started at once into the arena, prepared to contend with men of the greatest skill and experience: a happy and rare faculty which nature grants nearly as sparingly to men of the world as inspiration to the poet or the artist.

As soon as he had resolved upon the course it was proper for him to pursue as the practical conclusion of his enquiries, he resolved to follow it without hesitation, and in a short time left Morden for Edinburgh.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD LYNDALÉ was seated at the breakfast table with his fair young daughter, Lady Emily, and hearing her lively comments on last night's assembly. Sundry remarks on the greater brilliancy of those of London, from which she had lately returned, were received by her father with a tacit acquiescence, accompanied with a request to have more regard to her health, which would suffer by driving home such a distance after the heat of a crowded room.

"It is really nothing, my dear papa; I refused Lady Neville's invitation to stay in town just because I wished to be with you, seated as I now am, though you advised me to go to her."

"Thank you, my dear, I should have been disappointed to miss your smile this morning, and yet had you suffered anything I must have condemned my own selfishness. I know not how I shall be able to part with you. John away in the Guards, with a prospect of foreign service, if this Gallic frenzy continues."

"Bless me, dear papa, there is no one can part us."

"Perhaps not, my dear Emily; but nevertheless it may happen."

"It never shall."

Lord Lyndale smiled, and was pleased, and what father would not, with the devotion of his beautiful child, as he enquired if none of the families in the neighbourhood were there.

"Yes; I was happy to see old friends; it was charming on that account; not so stiff; more cordiality than in London. We know each other."

"Yes, my dear child, you must remember it to be a duty to stand well with them. In the present state of the country, with all these dan-

gerous French notions, families of rank and fortune require a common understanding for their common safety; and besides John may yet stand for the county. There is our neighbour, Mr. Princeton, I am sorry for him; but I had it confidentially from a friend two days ago, he will certainly be taken on a charge of sedition."

"My dear papa, he was at the assembly last night; I remembered him at once, though I was such a child when I went away, he could not know me; but Lady Vernon introduced him."

"Princeton and I had a dispute about the boundary at a part of our estates which produced a coldness for a time; it was arranged to our mutual satisfaction, but his principles have become so French and dangerous, that we are now more distant on an accidental meeting than even before the dispute."

"Well, papa, I knew nothing about his principles."

"No, my dear, it is not a subject for you."

"He is in danger and cannot know it; he was so cheerful, polite, and agreeable."

"Yes, he is in great danger, Emily."

"What would happen to him?"

"Oh, banishment: transportation at least."

"Then why not warn him to escape?"

"My dear, you do not know him; a proud opinionative man, a violent demagogue."

"I could not see anything of the kind last night."

"No, no," said Lord Lyndale, laughing; "you must hear him address his friends in the Convention."

"Well, but papa, there would be no harm in your just giving him a hint of the danger, and then you know—"

"Much harm, my dear girl; one who is a leader in such wild schemes is just the man to be punished for the sins of the vulgar dupes he leads into danger."

Lady Emily saw her father was inflexible and forbore to press the matter further; but she retained her own opinion and her own ideas, and sat resolving the best means of doing what her father could not be induced to do. And how to

accomplish it she could not, after long deliberation, discover. Her father was on no terms of intimacy with Mr. Princeton, and the families in the neighbourhood held aloof from him, so that she could neither communicate through them nor meet with him casually at their houses.

In this dilemma she thought of Mr. Elphinstone, her father's agent, and sent a note to him that she required his attendance on an important matter, and her father must not know anything about it. Elphinstone laid aside everything to obey the summons, feeling anxious to oblige her, and went out without delay; Lord Lyndale met him as he came to the gate, and enquired generally the object of his visit; but Mr. Elphinstone had some trifling matter to arrange with the steward that furnished a ready answer, on which his lordship passed away through the grounds, after inviting him to remain out the day, an honour which Mr. Elphinstone said he would accept if he found other business he had on hand permitted.

He was introduced to Lady Emily, who received him with much kindness, and said she hoped her father knew nothing of his coming.

"I have just met him, but he knows nothing. I had business with the steward."

"It is well: please to sit down, Mr. Elphinstone, as I must take your advice and assistance in a serious affair. My father told me this morning Mr. Princeton, our neighbour, will be immediately taken, and banished for some fault about Government matters; and I think if he had warning in time he could just go out of the way."

"Lady Emily, I am glad you have sent for me, and I shall not fail to go to him; but he is so firm in his opinions, I fear he may neglect any thing I can say."

"Well, but try what can be done. I shall not be satisfied unless he has it in his power to escape."

"To be sure I will try; and let us hope in the meantime."

"And you will take care not to mention my

name, Mr. Elphinstone; it must be all of yourself: with me it is a motive of humanity caused by my father's words. I should regret were I not to warn any one in such danger."

"No doubt of it, my lady. I shall take it all on myself, and treat the matter as a report among my legal friends."

Lady Emily smiled, as she said—

"Exactly so, Mr. Elphinstone, that is what I wish."

Elphinstone, on recollecting himself, saw that could not be a secret which was a common rumour; but he was pleased with the commission and with the young lady's confidence. He could throw the information perhaps on Oldenlaw, and resolved to see Mr. Princeton immediately.

It occurred to him very naturally, as he walked towards his house, that Mr. Princeton was fortunate in having so fair a guardian of his safety, and unfortunate in an equal degree not to know it, as it might abate his well-known political rigidity of character.

"But he must not know it," he muttered;

"the secret must remain with me, otherwise there might be misconception, and betrayal of trust besides."

As he went up the avenue, with its old trees, and reached the extensive and well-adorned grounds in the midst of which a modern mansion of great elegance was placed; though he was familiar with it, he began to reflect on the rental and probable income of the owner. He could make a shrewd guess at both; and knew his simple and inexpensive habits, who had no taste for horse or hound, nor any of the fashionable frivolities, that soon encumber with debt the acres and the income of so many of the nobility and gentry.

And again it occurred to him that Mr. Princeton had one fault more dangerous than even expensive habits; he was a demagogue, and in peril, on that account, of losing both life and fortune.

It was most desirable, he thought, if he could be disengaged from his dangerous associates and convinced of the errors of his political creed;

but then who could effect this in a moment; and less, according to Lady Emily's account, would hardly do if he was in the situation of a man accused, which Elphinstone professionally knew was tantamount almost to the situation of a man condemned.

He felt it was a task beyond his strength to reason with Mr. Princeton, whose knowledge on many subjects was extensive and accurate, whose natural powers were great, who knew how to use them, and who took, by a sort of conceded right, a first place in any society in which he chose to mingle, where intellectual power or acquired information formed the ground of distinction. To work upon his fears he was aware was equally hopeless. He was come of a race distinguished for resolution and gallantry, proved again and again, till their fame in that respect was historical; and the present representative, though not bred a soldier, wanted no natural quality that would have enabled him to compete with the most distinguished of his ancestors. Thus, Elphinstone saw no mode of giving any ad-

ditional effect on his own part to a communication of the danger that was approaching, yet he could have wished there was one, and troubled himself to little purpose in trying to find it.

And as it was so he could only make him aware of danger; if he thought there was none, or underrated, or despised it till too late, it would be neither the fault of Lady Emily nor his own.

He found Mr. Princeton at home, who received him with great cordiality, because he had a true idea of Mr. Elphinstone's real character,—speculative and therefore dangerous in mere worldly affairs,—(Princeton never reflecting that his own speculations in politics might rationally be as questionable as those which he could see so clearly in the case of another and a friend),—honest and correct in everything else; so that Princeton could rely with great confidence on everything he said. The two parts of his character sometimes came into collision, in which case Princeton observed that honesty, after a slight struggle, drove speculation out of the field.

After a little general conversation Princeton said :

“ Is there anything new in the political world, Mr. Elphinstone ? ”

“ There is the usual account of republican violence from France ; and it is whispered in well-informed circles Government is about to take measures against the Convention, and yourself amongst others. ”

“ I am not unprepared. There will be no surprise, and I do not fear them. ”

“ But would it not be well to step aside, as it were, till the storm pass by. ”

“ You mean to desert those who are in danger ? ”

“ I do not exactly mean that, but a regard— ”

“ No such regard would influence me, if my life were depending on the issue. We have done nothing, I believe, against law ; but what is done I mean to be answerable for along with others. ”

“ I am sorry for it, Mr. Princeton ; my information from a sure source justifies me in at least

forewarning you; indeed, I am empowered to do so."

"I am obliged to you, but where is the source? Who takes so much interest in me?"

Mr. Elphinstone hesitated. Oldenlaw he thought of as his authority, and passed him over as he said:

"That I am not at liberty to disclose, but great reliance may be placed on it."

"I care nothing for them, and will not move an inch to avoid a meeting anywhere. Still I am obliged by what was kindly intended."

Elphinstone saw all farther suggestion would be useless. And it is not unworthy of remark that Princeton could see and warn Mr. Mitchell of danger, and even recommend caution, an advice which he would pay no attention to when given to himself, so blinded are we by obstinacy or pride or error. At the same time it was not to be doubted Mr. Mitchell was more bold and daring in his language than Princeton

had ever been, and it would have been inconsistent with the part Princeton had taken along with him to shun a common danger.

Mr. Elphinstone turned the conversation on Mr. Charles Oliphant's affairs, with which, in the midst of the canal speculation, he was procuring materials for becoming gradually acquainted, and gave Mr. Princeton some account of them so far as he had gone, which was heard with more satisfaction than his announcement of personal danger; and Mr. Princeton recommended the papers to be collected, and proposed to engage in the investigation himself, when the rubbish which had been accumulated was put in some intelligible order.

As Elphinstone wished to acquit himself of his commission, he returned to Lord Lyndale's and told Lady Emily it was as he feared;—the pride of Mr. Princeton's character would not permit him to listen for a moment to any suggestion of going out of the way of the threatened danger.

"I am sorry for it, Mr. Elphinstone. You

have done everything as I wished, and I am much obliged to you."

Elphinstone left a note for Lord Lyndale, excusing himself on account of business, and returned to town.

CHAPTER XIX.

As Mr. Princeton had no evil in his heart towards any man, but was, on the contrary, ever alive to the calls of compassion and charity, he was looked up to as a protector, and was admired and almost revered by the humble and poor. When, therefore, he attended the meetings of the friends of the people, his presence gave weight to their demands; he was the person there of all most observed, and his few, well-chosen, and simple observations told with more effect than the most elaborate speeches of others.

Mr. Frankover contrived to be present at one or two meetings which Mr. Princeton attended, and not only noted their effect, but treasured up

in his memory the words which Princeton used ; and these, in his opinion, formed a sufficient ground for proceeding against him as a person guilty of sedition, and an abettor of men who were engaged in dangerous political designs.

Having communicated what he had seen and heard to the authorities, they coincided in his views, and issued a warrant for Mr. Princeton's apprehension. He could easily have escaped by the warning given him of the approaching blow ; but he was conscious of no evil, either of intention, of word, or of action, and remained steadily to await the result.

When the warrant was prepared it was entrusted to Adamson, the messenger, on Mr. Frankover's suggestion, who besides saw him privately, and said—

“Now, Nicoll, do not let such an accident occur again as happened at the inn. This man caught you napping then ; see you surprise him in the same style.”

Adamson was pleased to have such an affair committed to his charge, and immediately, with

two assistants, set out for Mr. Princeton's house, which was at the distance of a few miles, and adjoined a small village, which had grown up almost under the care and kindness of his ancestors, and still more of Princeton himself. Devoted to him, man, woman, and child, they would have rushed to the rescue, if any intimation had been given them of the messenger's object. He, therefore, after one or two observations of the villagers in answer to questions apparently casual which sufficiently indicated their feelings, judged it best to go direct to Mr. Princeton, and show him the warrant, trusting to his generosity and probable aversion from engaging the people in direct conflict with the law.

He found him quietly occupied in his library, forgetting for the time, in converse with the great and good of bygone ages, who, though dead in body, had transmitted their thoughts for eternity to mankind in the volumes around him, the Association, the language he had used, the subjects, his reasoning on which gave occasion to the warrant.

As the messenger came into the room he turned on him his placid and benevolent countenance, his mild blue eye beaming with kindness, not knowing, but mistaking him for one of the villagers, who had a petition to prefer for some trifling favour or forbearance.

"What is it you want?" he said: "for if at all reasonable, I shall be ready to comply with it. The times are severe, and if it is delay in payment of rent you shall have it."

The messenger felt the force of this simple expression of kindness all the more that he never had found in his own days of adversity any landlord to indulge him, or in his practice much forbearance to debtors; but advancing to the table, he produced the warrant for Mr. Princeton's apprehension, who took it up and calmly perused it as if it was a matter in which some stranger was interested; and having done so, returned it to the messenger, with an assurance he should be ready immediately to go with him.

"Unless you conceal this affair, sir," said Adamson, "I shall hardly be able to take you

hence; for the people will oppose it, and with my small force perhaps murder me."

"But it shall be concealed; I would not a hair of your head were touched if I could thereby escape twenty warrants such as that. I shall order my carriage, and we can go to Edinburgh together."

He rang the bell, and ordered it to be got ready, and while this was doing he called for some refreshment for Mr. Adamson, who was heard to declare afterwards that his business would be delightful if Princetons were always the subjects against which the arms of the law were extended.

Though some of the inhabitants, who knew the messenger, looked on with suspicion while the carriage was driven through the village, yet as Mr. Princeton showed no embarrassment, and had even handed the messenger in, they continued in uncertainty in circumstances in which a hint would have been sufficient. After leaving this danger behind, the carriage soon turned into the

main road, and went rolling along at a steady and rapid pace, which contributed to enliven even Adamson, who seldom if ever had travelled so much to his own satisfaction.

While these measures were taken against Mr. Princeton there was no difficulty or even hesitation with regard to Mr. Mitchell, who had become liable to them long before; but it was thought that secrecy and caution and several officers would be necessary to secure his person, as his determined and enthusiastic character was well known.

He was not, however, unprepared. A clerk in the office where the writ for his apprehension was made out, had experienced his friendship, when he left his native town to seek employment in the metropolis, the recollection of which overcame his sense of duty and fidelity. He made an excuse and hurried away from his office, taking his course through the crowded and obscure streets and lanes in the southern side of the city, till he reached Mr. Mitchell's house.

He easily obtained admission and on being introduced said,

“You will not remember me, Mr. Mitchell.”

“No, I confess you are, so far as memory goes, a stranger to me.”

“Then I am the clerk you recommended to old, Mr. Melvin and he employed me, and I have got on, and am now in the Sheriff’s office. A warrant is out to take you, but there is yet time to escape.”

“My lad, I am obliged to you, but sorry you run so much danger on my account, besides committing a breach of duty to your employers, which, if known, would forfeit your situation.”

“I could not help it, I should have been unable to forgive myself had I seen harm done to you which any act of mine could have prevented.”

“Well, well, your heart is in the right place, but stronger than your head; and I respect you the more; but your presence here may ruin you. Come this way, you shall go out by the gate at

the end of my garden and I hope get back to town undiscovered."

The young man was disappointed and even sorry for the indifference of Mr. Mitchell to his own safety, but followed as he desired, and was let out by him with a renewed expression of thanks, and a caution to get away as secretly as he could. Then Mr. Mitchell turned back into the grounds and walked about, enjoying for the last time the silent society of his flowers and trees, and the cheerful notes of the songsters, as they were perched on the branches, or flitted past him, scarcely feeling alarm at his presence.

In an hour's time a knocking was heard at the gate; as he rightly conjectured it was a party in search of him, but he desired them to be admitted; and their force was so great as to render resistance hopeless, had it been intended. It was not; for as he had done nothing in violation of any law human or divine, he was resolved to leave the injustice and illegality to those who sought him. The officer advanced and told him he was his prisoner.

"I am ready, Sir; I expected you."

"There is a coach outside, Mr. Mitchell. I shall, with one more, accompany you in it to the Sheriff."

"To me it is indifferent; I would prefer to walk."

"No," said the officer; "your appearance in our custody might give occasion to a tumult, and perhaps an attempt at rescue, which I wish to avoid."

"Well, I would not endanger one man, woman, or child, in consequence of such an attempt. Let us begone now. The sooner I confront your employers the better."

The rest of the party lingered at a distance, on a motion of the officer's hand; and as soon as Mr. Mitchell and he had got into the coach, one of them mounted beside the driver, and they reached the Sheriff's office without being recognised.

Mr. Princeton and the messenger went straight to the same room, where Mr. Pomppwell, as one

of the crown advisers, attended to conduct the examination, and to bring such preliminary evidence as would ensure a committal for trial. Among others he relied upon Mr. Frankover, who stated briefly the language which Mr. Princeton had used at the meetings where he was present, and of which he had made a note at the time or immediately afterwards. The correctness of his report was at once and fully admitted by Mr. Princeton, who far from attempting to retract the expressions he had used, maintained their propriety, for he was not a man who took his ground with uncertain views, or that would hesitate to avow them in any place, or before any tribunal. His own admissions would have been enough to justify his committal as the law then stood or was administered.

Then Mr. Mitchell was introduced. His character was so well known to those conducting the examination, that they felt convinced he would assist in condemning himself, without the

trouble of proving his words in the Convention, and he at once charged them with violating the law in apprehending him; he stated boldly his opinion that all means were lawful to accomplish the objects of the Convention, and have grievances redressed; that he admired the French Revolutionary leaders, and all that had been done except the cruelties which most unfortunately stained the work; and to a large extent, he said, he proposed the transactions in France for imitation.

His boldness excited the horror of the learned gentleman, Mr. Pompwell, who, as Colonel of the Volunteers, was as willing in his military capacity to support the existing government with his sword as with his pen.

No difficulty was therefore felt in committing Mr. Mitchell for trial, upon his own admissions, and the advocate condescended to admonish him upon the dangerous nature of his opinions, and to tell him he must expect due punishment for a warning and example to others.

Mr. Mitchell calmly replied that he wanted none of his advice, and was prepared to defend himself before any tribunal.

"But you," said he, "are already in arms, for I think I can spy the Colonel's red coat under the advocate's gown; and are too much interested on one side to be accessible to any reasons that can be urged for my conduct; and in truth I wish this farce concluded, as we must play the piece again in a more solemn and regular manner."

"Yes, sir," said the imperious dignitary, "it shall be no fault of mine, I trust, if you find it a serious play, ending in your expatriation."

"Let us have done for the present," said Mr. Mitchell; "I have no inclination to prolong the conversation."

A warrant was made out, under which Mr. Princeton and Mr. Mitchell were committed for sedition, and straightway conveyed to prison; while the learned gentleman repaired to his regiment, and took occasion to inform the men at drill that he had that day secured two of the

most dangerous characters to be found in the country.

Mr. Princeton, in the emergency, sent for Mr. Elphinstone, to whom he entrusted his defence, and Mr. Oldenlaw was retained as his counsel. That learned gentleman on reading the declaration of Mr. Princeton, and the evidence of Mr. Frankover, was dismayed at the boldness of the former, though he had uttered nothing but what is now printed in every newspaper and spoken or supported even by the ministers of the crown. But sedition is a flexible term, which varies in its meaning from the circumstances of the time, and has many modifications of signification, and some even contradictory, for occasionally it will be called patriotism or liberty.

“How is it Mr. Elphinstone,” said Oldenlaw, “that my client in Oliphant’s case, should be a witness, or perhaps rather an informer?”

“That I cannot say,” answered Elphinstone; “but Princeton himself met him in extraordinary

circumstances." He then detailed the adventure at the Inn.

"Let no time be lost in ascertaining all that Mr. Princeton knows of this man, for he had no interest in attending a meeting of the Friends of the People. If I am not misinformed he is a very sycophant of the great."

Elphinstone promised what Oldenlaw required should be done.

Mr. Mitchell sought no assistance of lawyers but relied upon the justice of his cause and his own abilities to make that apparent. His enthusiasm, calm and habitual, seemed now to increase and burn more intensely, an effect so frequently seen in times of religious as well as political excitement, having its foundation very often in honesty of principles and strong convictions of truth, and sometimes, too, in love of popular applause and notoriety, and being made an object of general admiration. Mr. Mitchell, however, was honestly convinced his opinions were right, and would have maintained them,

though none but his enemies had been present at the struggle, not without an expectation that time would establish his rectitude, and another generation do him justice.

Mr. Frankover was well satisfied with the share he had taken in the affair; he secured himself from all immediate action on the part of Mr. Princeton, and returned home in the meantime, leaving strict injunctions with Adamson to keep an eye if possible on Charles Oliphant, whose rights, he was well aware Mr. Elphinstone from habitual indolence would do nothing to investigate, while Mr. Princeton was trammelled by the difficulties of his own situation. But while the young gentleman could be made the means of undertaking dangerous measures, it was necessary to have him under observation.

CHAPTER XX.

It was a fine autumn night. Mr. Adamson, after the business of the day, descended his stair to join some friends at the well-known tavern, where he spent an hour frequently of an evening (as, indeed, he was doing when Mr. Frankover visited him to search for Charles Oliphant). He was pleased with himself, and with the comparative comfort and independence he had attained to in the world. He recognised grim St. Giles, with its pinnacles and imperial spire as a familiar friend;—was delighted with the hum of the dense multitude in the lofty street, and saw with a cheerful feeling the bright full moon away

down its lofty line; and she looked into the ancient Palace and Canongate, now so deserted, with the same placid face as when Mary Stuart dwelt beside her subjects three hundred years ago.

Mr. Adamson was not generally permitted to be so sentimental,—how could a messenger afford to be so; but this night something of youthful passion issued from the dark caves of memory, and helped with the scene before him to stir up his heart. He knew nothing of the departed glories of the Stuarts, and thought not of the nobles who once strode down that street from castle to palace; but he knew there was life and energy and perseverance in the crowds of men and women before him, these blessed characteristics of the people at large, whereby they recover from many a worldly disaster, and have filled up the chasm caused by the desertion of their great and wealthy and noble.

Mr. Adamson was not charitable: his was a hard profession, which takes rather than gives.

When he had made a few steps along the pavement, a beggar in the remains of a military dress, limping, and with a deep scar on his cheek, solicited alms. He was about to repulse the mendicant gruffly, but on a second look he started back, run against some one passing, and recovered himself, muttered words indistinctly, slipped a shilling into the hand which was held out a second time, and was gone.

The beggar followed him with his eye for a moment or two, till he was swallowed up in the throng, limped on, and sighed, as he thought,—“I knew him well in former years, and I begin to think he knew me too. He was aye a careful scraping creature, and has prospered, and I from the same toon, and brought up wi’ him, want a leg, and beg frae an auld acquaintance. Let me see: he came out somewhere hereabouts, and must live near. I’ll try him anither time; but now the shilling, where I expected but a penny, has come to me to get a dram to drown care, and here too is the Highlander and Thistle

asking me in. I think I just stop of myself at the door of this ither auld acquaintance; I 'listed in this very house with Sergeant Macfarlane, who has lang been 'listed by death himself. I'll in and see if the place is like the ranting roaring howf it was once; where ale and whisky, gold and glory, where in every one's mouth." And he stepped into the place where the wily recruiting sergeant had entrapped him.

Meantime, Adamson, in a state of trepidation, and with drops of sweat upon his brow, gained the house, and entered rather because he had been going to it at the time than from any wish to join his friends. In vain they attempted to rouse him to his usual condition of cheerful sociality, and pressed him to drown his cares in the nappy. One asked him if he had seen a ghost, so woe-begone and melancholy was his countenance, so monosyllabic his answers.

"Something has happened to Adamson," said a brother of his trade: "we maun excuse him. He's blundered an execution, and is called over the way."

Adamson started, and the laugh of the company seemed to indicate an opinion that the joke had been effective. It was continued by them in harmless ignorance.

"He will be assisted by one of us to attend over the way."

"And must open his purse," said another.

"It never opens," said a third.

Adamson now rose, and without replying nodded to each; he was not angry, and knew no harm was intended, though it was done; and he could not participate in their merry meeting as he had been wont; and why, he thought, should he interrupt or hinder it. He walked away, and a pause ensued, as if each felt he had said something to be regretted, till at last one broke the silence:

"Weel, Nicoll's in a queer humour the nicht, he's gaen gyte, and something's gaun to happen to him, which I'm sorry for. We've kent him lang."

They would not sit longer, for Adamson was liked, but paid the reckoning and sallied forth.

After an anxious night, Adamsom wrote Mr. Frankover an account of his rencontre with the veteran, and the letter reached him as a large party was assembling at his own house at Morden. Its effect on him was great, and almost immediately perceived by his wife; for from the height of cheerfulness, produced by his success against Mr. Princeton, he was suddenly overcome with a deep dejection. Hardly, notwithstanding his strong nerves and habitual politeness, could he engage in any sustained or animating conversation with his guests that evening. Thoughtful and sometimes confused, he answered at random, till his wife, astonished and vexed at his situation, was obliged to whisper to him as if to obtain a consent, and then make the excuse of a sudden illness that had seized him; and the guests departed early, remarking upon the strange and inexplicable disposition of their host.

"Frankover," said his wife, after they were gone, "I cannot help saying you must have seen a spirit to-night, and that I was like Lady Mac-

beth apologizing for its effect on you; but surely I cannot guess the occasion, and you must inform me what sits so heavy on your mind, that I may help to remove it or help to sustain it."

"Indeed," said he, "my dear, I was somewhat out of spirits in consequence of the contents of a letter I received in the afternoon; there is nothing serious in it, or aught else than men of business must meet with."

"I pray heaven, Frankover, it may be so, but you are not moved with trifles. Let us, however, endeavour, since we cannot recal the hours, nor to-night make amends to our guests, to forget what has happened."

Next morning, when he had time to regain his composure and reflect on the communication, he wrote Adamson to find out the soldier, Allan Stevenson. Adamson made enquiry where he thought he might be heard of, but the order could not be executed. The man had hidden himself, or disappeared from the town.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHARLES OLIPHANT had now nearly reached fifteen, and his personal appearance and manners were such as to vindicate his claims to be at least the representative of his ancient house, if not in fortune, in all noble qualities of heart and soul.

His little mistress was also fast growing up, and he felt that her attractions, in whose society he passed so many happy hours, would render parting with her almost insupportable. Ever since their first meeting they had passed part of the day together in the schoolroom, by the river, or in the field, and long since were

marked by the kind villagers as a destined pair.

Even Mrs. Morton, though at first careless of the matter while their youth was extreme, yet as Mary grew up towards womanhood, and her cheek flushed at any mention of Oliphant, or even at his sudden appearance, resolved to have him removed where he could begin the world.

She sent for Mr. Elphinstone, and communicated to him what she observed, and her opinion. He smiled and acquiesced, but added that Miss Waldie and Mr. Princeton were interested in the young gentleman, and the former had said she would undertake the expence of his education, and what she promised she would certainly perform.

At the first opportunity Elphinstone mentioned the young gentleman's situation, and Mr. Princeton in consequence sent for him and told him Miss Waldie, and if not, he himself, would relieve him and Mrs. Morton of all difficulty of a pecuniary kind. He was therefore removed from his

mistress to the dull routine of a college, where he might among other necessary lessons learn to forget her; for love, as Mr. Princeton when he found from Mr. Elphinstone the suspected attachment, smilingly told him is a blind and a bad guide to lead the way into a rugged world.

“Would indeed, for the sake of young hearts,” said he, “it were otherwise;” (Oliphant blushed) “yes, I repeat it, for the world sears, and hardens, and brutalizes the heart, destroying the early tenderness of the feelings, and the disinterestedness of the soul’s attachment; but as men must generally struggle to live before they can venture to love, so you must conform to the rule which may be said to be universal, apply yourself to study, and think of choosing a profession.”

Mr. Oliphant thanked him for his kindness and advice, and promised implicitly to follow it, but the sparkling eyes of his Mary and the roses in her cheeks presented themselves too frequently to his recollection, and distracted his attention.

His understanding was good and his apprehension quick, and Mr. Princeton in his confinement took a pleasure in discovering his attainments and capacity; thus relieving the tedium of a prison he could have avoided by giving bail, if he had chosen, but would not; as he would not receive what might be construed into a favour, even in appearance, and the more so that Mr. Mitchell was equally resolute.

Mr. Oliphant was but too happy in having the friendship of one so candid, free, and benevolent, and never omitted to go to him at the hours of visit allowed. He felt that in his humble condition to win his way even with the aid of Mr. Princeton would be difficult; to attain to the rank and respectability of his ancestors nearly impossible; but youth and hope and a cheerful heart made him resolve to face any trial, and prove himself worthy of her, who though absent he knew watched over him and expected.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN a much contested cause comes to be decided by the oath of one of the parties, most persons set it down as already substantially settled, even while the deposition may not yet be formally made; and to analyse the grounds of their abrupt conclusion, will afford perhaps little satisfaction to those who, weighing the unimportance of earthly as compared with eternal interests, would believe that the solemn appeal to heaven should purge the human heart of prevarication, deceit, and falsehood. But the lawyers who see such oaths taken every day, and the rest of mankind who sometimes see them taken, or

sometimes hear they are to be so, show a wonderful unanimity in their own conclusions of their import and in anticipating the result.

Whether it is that what one has long asserted he at last comes to believe to be true; whether he is ashamed to eat in all previous declarations and statements, and thus stand convicted of constant misrepresentation; whether it is a desire of victory; whether it is the goading of interest, or whether finally the party whose oath is taken happens always to be right; certain it is, that but seldom indeed he fails to come clear off the conqueror, unless there is something in his previous actions or writings which he cannot explain away, and which entangles him in fatal contradictions.

If, then, with the experience of uniform consequences, such a test should be resorted to, is a case for the solution of those who are anxious for the welfare of the souls of men hereafter; and they perhaps may arrive at the conviction that truth should be found out some other way; and it is a case also

for the legislator, who might consider if he ought to allow to be demanded an oath whose sanctity is disregarded, and not rather order the party's statement to be received without the oath, at what, on weighing and comparing it with all other evidence that can be had, a judge may consider it to be worth.

Miss Ashfield, ignorant of deception herself, had now learnt enough in the course of her suit to believe it probable that if, by any possibility Colonel Monteith could deny his promise solemnly made to her he would do it; and as none were present on the occasion but themselves, and the pretended ceremony Monteith had gone through was of no validity; she received with feelings of dismay, a communication that her suit must depend upon his oath. There was no remedy; and he had no hesitation in appearing to give it, as it would be merely the consummation of what he intended, but the contradiction of what he said. The perjuries of lovers, he thought, should be viewed with lenity, or par-

doned and forgotten; or at least his intention was certain; "and the lady should have led me through the church, if she meant to hold me as her husband."

Her lawyers were fully informed of the whole circumstances, and prepared to subject him to a rigid examination; and they did their duty with so much ability and confidence of knowledge, that the frequent hesitations, corrections explanations of the party deposing, showed a conscience ill at ease; but his resolution was unshaken to swear himself free of the promise. The judges found it necessary to warn him to be candid, and to remember he was on his oath.

He persisted in swearing that he made no promise of marriage at the time, and only did so to soothe the lady's mind at an after period, and when he knew it could not in law have any effect in making him her husband.

The oath as taken down was communicated to her by her lawyer, with an expression of sympathy for her, and of indignation at Monteith's

conduct. She read it slowly over, turned pale, sighed frequently, as she noted the explanations attempted in regard to facts within her own knowledge, tried to speak and failed.

Her lawyer, who sat watching her with much feeling, was affected more than he wished to shew, and assured her he believed her word more than Monteith's oath.

At this moment Mr. Ostertoun entered the room, and on seeing him she dropped the fatal paper from her hand, and sank to the floor. He hastened to assist her, and she was removed to her room, only to waken after a little to renewed misery and sorrow.

Mr. Ostertoun, on returning, took up the paper, and as soon as he could command himself, read it over. The shuffling and prevarication were so apparent, that he asked the lawyer if any court could believe the man?

"Alas!" he replied, "the oath is the evidence of Miss Ashfield; by it she undertook to establish her marriage, and upon the all important

point of there being no promise at the time, it is conclusive against her."

"I do not believe him on oath," said Ostertoun, "nor will any other man believe him; but I presume there is now no remedy, and she must submit to this misfortune. I shall, however, though I cannot forgive her imprudence, at least be kinder to her than I have been; for it is now plain there has been a gross deception, and that her youth and inexperience have been imposed on by the artifices of a villain. But it is done, and may heaven punish him according to the measure of his falsehood, profligacy, and cunning."

With her hopes of success in this way destroyed, the world seemed no longer to have any attractions for Louisa Ashfield. She refused to appear to visitors, and the change in her health became so great that Mrs. Ostertoun resolved to return to the country, in the hopes that in retirement her peace of mind might return.

Mr. Henderson, who had watched with the

deepest interest the progress of the suit, and whose friendly mind prognosticated success, in vain endeavoured to see her to express his opinion of the truth of her statement and the falsehood of Monteith, and at last ventured to write to her, requesting to be allowed to wait on her; but she merely replied that she was now as one dead to the world, unable to see him, but sensible of his kindness, for which she thanked him, and bade him adieu as she was persuaded for ever; nor did she forget Mr. Arnold, to whom she desired Henderson to give the regards of one he was no more to behold. Arnold was affected more by this melancholy message than by anything during his dangerous residence in Edinburgh.

Mrs. Ostertoun returned home; but the scenes of her youth seemed only to deepen Miss Ashfield's feeling of the injury she had suffered, and of the degradation which she believed had befallen her.

Ostertoun, himself a worldly man, and not much affected by the finer feelings of our nature,

was alarmed by her declining health, and brought a celebrated physician to see her. He shook his head on observing the hectic glow of her cheek and the wildness of her eye.

"She is sinking fast," he said to Ostertoun in private, "and no human skill can save her. I have seen in my experience similar cases proceeding from various causes, but the result of these appearances have been uniformly the same."

As she drew near her end she called Mrs. Ostertoun to her, and assured her in the most solemn manner that she had a sacred promise from Colonel Monteith.

"But now," she added, "I am so near the conclusion of all human cares that I can afford to forgive him, as I truly do, praying he may have forgiveness at a higher tribunal, where the heart and conduct will be summoned, but not, I pray, be judged."

Mrs. Ostertoun, who always loved her, blamed her own facility and interested conduct.

"I encouraged Monteith," she said to Miss

Ashfield, "to promote your worldly advancement, and what would be, as I thought, for your happiness. Would we were sometimes to see into the future, for then I should have preferred the humblest man in one of these cottages for your husband."

She had touched a chord, which gave forth a low trembling sigh for times that were gone.

"Look out, my dear Aunt, a shawl you will find in my wardrobe; it is foreign, and a sailor gave it to me, though I have never worn it. Return it to him, and Mrs. Smith at the shore, will take it if he is not at home."

"I will do so, and now I remember something."

"All is well, my dear Aunt, except to thank you, and to say you were ever good to me."

In a few days she expired serene and resigned. The news of her death soon spread amongst the cottagers around Ostertoun's house, and drew a sigh from all, and a tear even from some, as she was greatly admired, for her kindness of heart

and mildness of disposition, as well as for her bounty. Many of them came unasked to attend the remains to their silent abode, and as they returned were heard threatening revenge if an opportunity occurred. The prejudices of her own class might condemn her, which being so rooted must have some leaning on virtue and necessity ; but the lower classes, where natural feelings have more room for healthful action, remembered not anything against her, and set down the melancholy catastrophe to its real author.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON some men the sunshine of prosperity beams brightly for a length of time, to be obscured at last by the clouds and darkness of adversity; on others these settle down at the outset, and continue during the early stages of their journey, to be cleared away after long toils and labours in the business of the world; but on far the most, as on an April day, fall the sunshine and the cloud alternately; and by them the fair is received too often without gratitude or notice, and the foul with murmurs and complaints. Few indeed have the frame of mind that will enable them to receive both with submission, and to re-

cognise adversities as wise checks upon their bodily and mental failings and vices.

Mr. Frankover had basked so long in the sunshine, that it might be said, and as has been said before, heaven was delaying to strike in order to render the change, when it came, and the blow which was to produce it more severe.

After his marriage he fell into a false security, believed that the brightness which lighted up his early career would still attend it onwards, and that the trifling difficulties which had occurred to mar his schemes for removing Mr. Oliphant were merely the consequence of his own anxiety to render that more secure, which was in no real danger; accidental failures to be regretted perhaps, but forgotten amidst his general success.

But the letter from Adamson was like the first low sound of distant thunder. He tried to believe it was no intimation of the coming change; and then in fear that it might, he began to reflect upon all kinds of expedients for guard-

ing himself against its effects, and thus his anxiety was redoubled; nor could he yet concentrate his attention on any one point where his case was doubtful, unless he first knew where the attack would be made.

As the commander of a beleaguered fortress examines all the walls and strengthens them where weak, so he put one defence forward after another in his mind, but was still dissatisfied.

While occupied with these unpleasant reflections, which the various and sometimes conflicting counsels of an active and energetic judgment rendered peculiarly painful, he observed his friend Mr. Marks riding up towards his house. The visit of that gentleman at another time would have afforded him satisfaction; but so immediately after Adamson's letter, it seemed to prognosticate something connected with the same dangerous subject—a drop of rain, perhaps, from the gathering cloud. He hastened down to receive and welcome him.

“Mr. Frankover,” said Marks on alighting,

"you are still proceeding with your improvements, which I have had leisure to notice as I rode along; and indeed have effected so many changes for the better, that I doubt if the former owners could recognise their ancient fields if they were to be raised from the dead. When I contrast your grounds with mine, as I did but now, I became impressed with my inferiority both in skill and taste."

Mr. Frankover, flattered by the compliment, observed that his was better ground to work on for mere ornamental purposes. "I have," said he, "the Policy and Garden and Mansion House, and these will show well for what is expended on them; certainly better than your farms, which, however valuable, will merely, by expense in cultivation, afford you a higher return; and," he added, smiling, "that may perhaps be the most satisfactory matter in the end, and may well compensate any superiority of appearance unaccompanied with equal profit."

Mr. Marks acquiesced in this suggestion,

the more readily that he was aware, by experience, of its truth.

“But come away,” said Frankover, “we shall expect you to stay till the evening, and Mrs. Frankover will be but too happy to receive such a guest.”

Mr. Marks made little difficulty in accepting the invitation, as he was desirous of a private and confidential conversation.

After they had retired to the library, Mr. Marks began thus :

“It is not a casual visit I pay you. I am come on a matter to both of us of the first importance, as my letters from Edinburgh inform me that all the late Mr. Oliphant’s affairs are to be overhauled, and the dispute and vexation renewed; nay, it is hinted that the danger is not inconsiderable to all of us, though how or in what way is not said, and I am at a loss to conceive; for we were present, and Oliphant himself was there, when judgment went against him; and surely, unless

the lawyers never conclude anything, that is enough."

During these words of Mr. Marks, Frankover changed colour once or twice, and rose from his chair, effects not lost upon the speaker, rendered more than usually observant through a sense of danger, and he concluded with the question:

"Have you heard anything?—nay, you have, I'm sworn, from the manner in which you receive my communication."

Thus addressed, Frankover, who had time to recollect himself, replied:

"I have indeed heard similar reports, but I do not attach any weight to them; for how can the final and solemn judgment of the court be opened; and if it could, what chance of a different result?"

"Why," said Marks, "I say so too; and it is precisely because I can give no other answer to these tormenting reports, that I am come to see what thread you can supply me with, as a guide through the labyrinth of law in which I

seem to be again wandering by this intelligence."

"All that we can do is to wait the enemy's move with confidence, and to be prepared to plead our former grounds, and the conclusive judgment already given."

"Yes," said Marks, "that is true enough, but as I bought and paid, in consequence of your professional assurance, and in reliance upon your skill, I expect, if there is anything wrong, which by a due exercise of it could have been found out or prevented, that you will relieve me of the effects of anything unpleasant occurring."

Frankover was startled and offended much at this broad and unqualified intimation of responsibility; at length he said;—

"Mr. Marks, I am beyond measure surprised. You had the benefit of my professional skill, not merely in the usual circumstances, but where I was to lose or to gain like yourself by the event, and instead of such a proposal from you, I should rather have expected to hear myself acquitted of blame in all events that can arise."

"I have nothing to do with all this," replied Mr. Marks; "I employed you on the usual footing, and must look to you to make me secure against any error."

"I tell you at once, sir, I neither undertook, nor am I in law bound to give you such security, and I distinctly warn you I will not do so."

"And I tell you, sir," said Marks in answer, "that your professional assurance alone prevailed on me to buy."

"Ah!" said Frankover, "do not pretend this. You know the moderate price, the vicinity of your other property, and twenty causes were at work. Give them their due weight; and what becomes of your present attempt to fasten universal responsibility on me."

The voices of the speakers had become so loud as to alarm Mrs. Frankover; she ventured to come in as the dinner hour had nearly arrived. Her placid smiling countenance appearing like the quiet evening of a stormy day, had a certain effect on Marks, who said he

would refer a difference that had arisen to her.

"Make not me your judge," she said, "I would decide against you, Mr. Marks; I have neither ear to hear nor eye to see but Mr. Frank-over's; you might as well refer it to himself."

Both gentlemen were pleased with the answer which was dictated by a good heart; and Frank-over who had been superintending some improvements on the grounds, as plain almost as a labourer, retired to dress.

Almost at the dinner hour, Mr. Ostertoun arrived on precisely the same errand as Mr. Marks, and on seeing that gentleman, easily conjectured why he should have thus met him. An invitation was given him, and was at once accepted, as Ostertoun was glad to have an opportunity of securing the assistance of a man so intelligent and straightforward in his ideas as Marks, having himself from a consciousness of his own doubtful motives and views, a strong inclination

in a case of difficulty to rely upon the other's reputation for integrity and ability in matters of business. Fame acknowledges fewer such men as Marks, precisely in proportion as any community becomes infested with a love of speculation, in which the question is not then, is this a man who has been uniformly honest, or whose actions the world might in vain search into to find a flaw; but is he one who by successful ventures, by superior information, no matter how obtained, or by greater smartness of operation, has secured a fortune, of course at the expense of many unfortunates who have been losing, some of them as rapidly as he has been gaining. There is something deplorably vicious in the constitution of that society, where such is the question; where the speculator, if successful, is worshipped, whatever have been the means used, and the man of integrity held of no account, if by habitual industry he can show only moderate results. But in that part of the country where Mr. Marks resided there was at the time little speculation,

and no reputation established upon it, to contend with his fair fame; and hence Ostertoun who had grown rich by questionable transactions in India, of which a faint report had travelled home after him, was well pleased to make common cause with one whose name gave a sanction to any side he might incline to.

Mr. Marks, however, on a little reflection, felt he had gone too far and spoken hastily in his conversation with Frankover, and that whatever might be the value of the legal view, he was at least free from any moral responsibility, and had taken his full share of the risk which all who bought Oliphant's estate might incur. Under that reflection Mr. Marks was uneasy, till he had an opportunity to express it, and remove the asperity of the former conversation

As soon as possible he introduced the subject again, and said that he acquitted every one of responsibility, whatever might be the result of any proceedings that might still be taken by Mr.

Oliphant's heir, or those who felt an interest in him.

Mr. Ostertoun was taken by surprise, for he was calculating on aid in his design of fastening liability for loss on Frankover by Mr. Marks being in the same situation as himself.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "I am myself very much surprised by your declaration, Mr. Marks; for I should have had no concern with these lands except for Mr. Frankover's assurance, and I must say, by George, I think him answerable to me for any unfortunate consequences."

"Mr. Ostertoun," said Frankover solemnly, "I gave you the best advice in my power, and to show that I thought it so, I acted on it myself. I say nothing of the legal question; but I must remind you that you were greatly induced—I may almost say entirely—to purchase, on account of the lowness of the price, and by the example of others—Mr. Marks, perhaps, and myself among the rest. I trust you will consider the matter again, and see it in the light he has done.

It will even be a satisfaction if you will but suspend your opinion, for after all is it necessary to consider such a question? A vague rumour seems to have alarmed you as much as a stern reality."

Mr. Ostertoun stated that his opinion remained unchanged: but he would reconsider it, especially as it was true, as Mr. Frankover said, that there was no occasion then to come to any resolution.

Frankover secretly was rejoiced he had in the meantime escaped an attack, which he knew there were much more serious grounds for than were yet known to the other two, and hastened to remind them of the judgment already given, which he said there was no chance of the Oliphant family upsetting.

The conversation then took a different and more agreeable turn, and on their joining Mrs. Frankover, her cheerful and pleasing conversation, which a good heart and open mind rendered peculiarly captivating, completed the victory which her husband had begun; and the two

gentlemen when they left trusted to the confident tone of Frankover, and for the time were relieved of many unpleasant fears and feelings of danger; which, if fairly aroused in Ostertoun, and indeed in too many men besides, such is the inevitable regard which they pay to their own safety, would have induced him to trample in the dust any one whose pecuniary existence was inconsistent with his own.

END OF VOL. II.



